# Saturday Review

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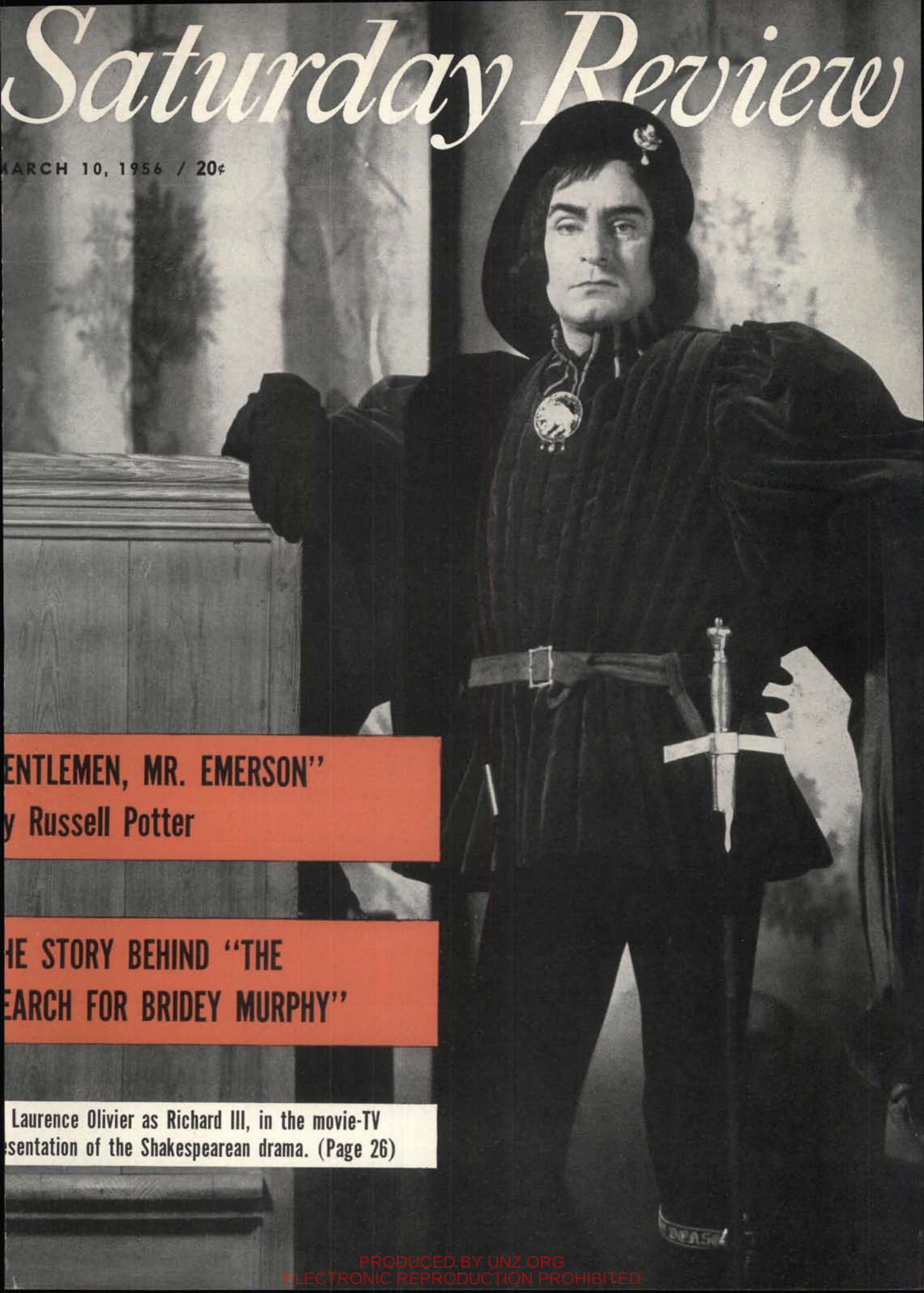

ENTLEMEN, MR. EMERSON"
y Russell Potter

HE STORY BEHIND "THE
EARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY"

Laurence Olivier as Richard III, in the movie-TV
esentation of the Shakespearean drama. (Page 26)

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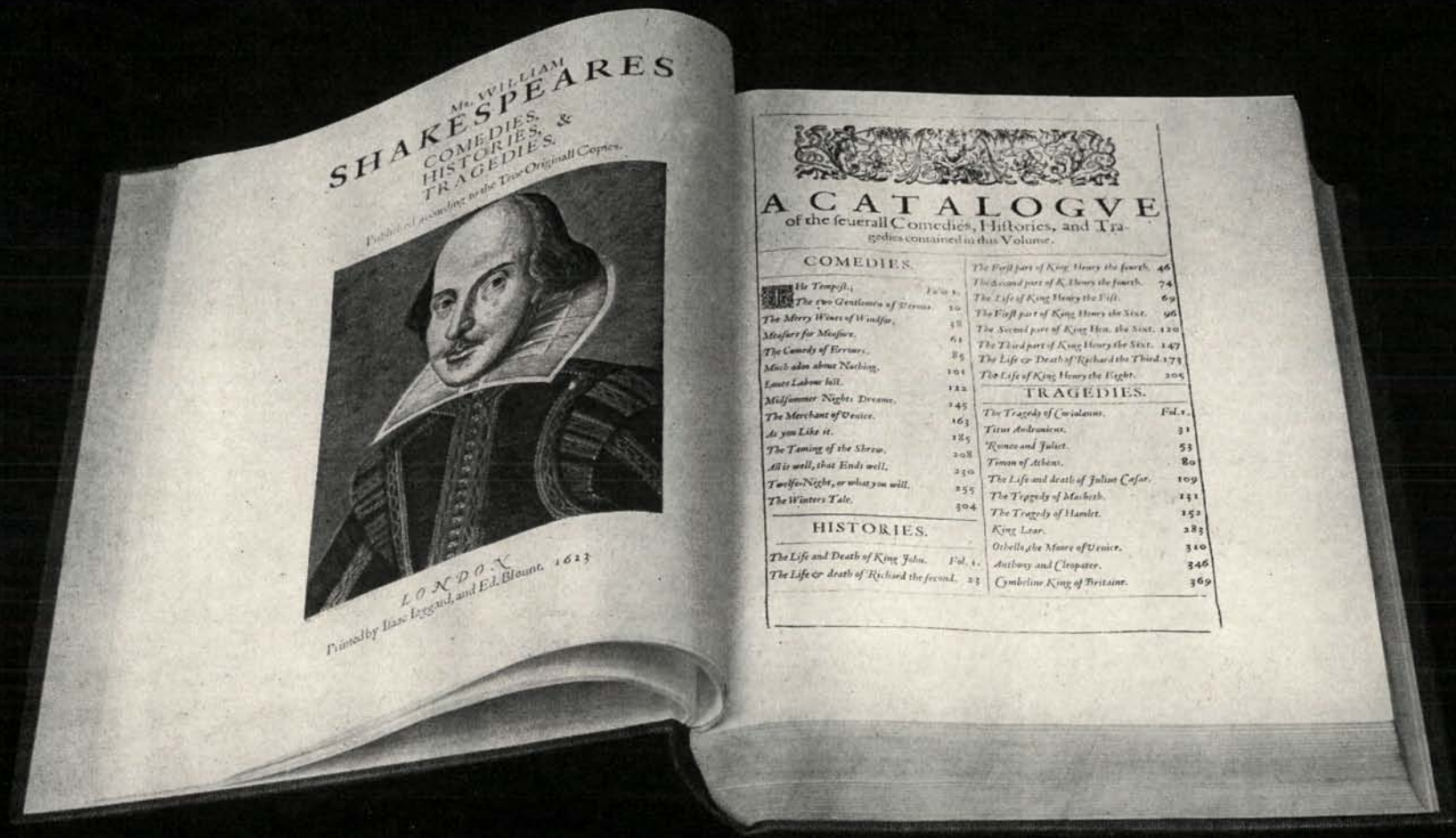
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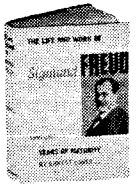

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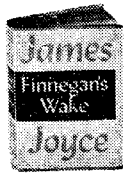

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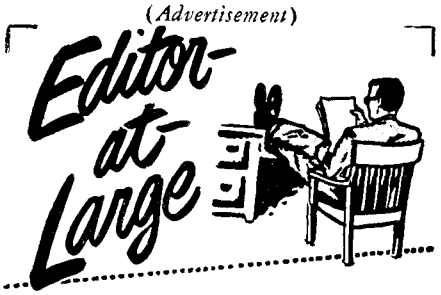


One of the most rewarding experiences in publishing is to watch the development of a real writing talent. It has been my pleasure to have this experience with John Brick.

I read in manuscript John Brick's first novel, which won him a literary fellowship. I have read his subsequent books and been associated with the publication of all but one or two of them.

Brick lives on the Hudson River and most of his books have been set in New York State. In his newest novel, "Jubilee," which represents a major stage in his growth, he shifts his scene to the South.

"Jubilee" tells of Sherman's army and its march to the sea. It centers around a New York regiment and its hero is a West Point Colonel. The book follows his career from Gettysburg to Lookout Mountain to Atlanta and beyond.

It shows how untrained citizens grow into tough, seasoned campaigners; it explains clearly how Sherman's strategy (which so embittered the South) set the pattern for fighting in enemy country which has continued to the present day. Such actual persons as Sherman, Thomas and Howard play important roles in it.

There is also a convincing and moving love story; but what I like particularly about Brick is his refusal to make any false concessions to the romantic side of his tale.

For "Jubilee" is basically the story of fighting men who composed the army that did so much to bring a terrible war to its end. I found it, as such, very good reading indeed.

*L. L. Day*
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Jubilee," by John Brick ($3.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, and is the March selection of the Literary Guild. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the ones at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, and 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida.


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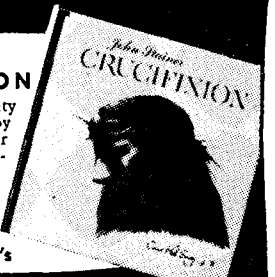

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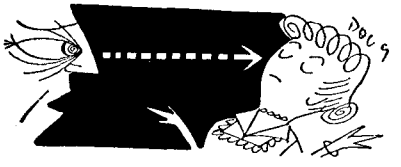
# TRADE Winds

**NOBODY WHO HAS** made a study of the book business should be too amazed by the dizzy climb "The Search for Bridey Murphy" has made toward the top of the best-seller lists. Any book that deals with the subject of reincarnation, or communication with the dead, no matter how unsupported its claim to authenticity, has an irresistible appeal, seemingly, for the American public. People *want* to believe. That's half the battle.

Herbert Bayard Swope recalls that some forty years ago the *St. Louis Globe-Dispatch* added thousands of readers by serializing a tale strikingly similar to Bridey Murphy's. "Everybody knows he'll be dead himself some



day," reasons Mr. Swope. "Of course, he'll go for a book that indicates he'll come back to life. That sort of thing's the greatest circulation builder in the world!"

The sale of "Bridey Murphy" started mushrooming first, as might have been expected, in Southern California (where "Dianetics" also took off first), but it wasn't long before the rest of the country swung into line. Doubleday printed only 8,000 copies as a starter, but now they're ordering 50,000 at a time, and where it all will end, knows God.

Morey Bernstein, who tells how he persuaded a Pueblo, Colorado, housewife under hypnosis to reveal details of a previous existence as a colleen named Bridey Murphy in nineteenth-century Cork and Belfast, Ireland, first brought his idea for a book to William Sloane. Sloane now heads Rutgers University Press, but when Bernstein contacted him he was in charge of the trade department at Funk and Wagnalls. Sloane previously had published several books by J. B. Rhine, of extrasensory perception fame, not to mention Tom Sugrue's "There Is a River" and Gina Cerminara's "Many Mansions," so Morey Bernstein felt he would be accorded a favorable reception.

Nor was he mistaken. Sloane was all for signing up "The Search for Bridey Murphy" immediately, but after much soul-searching the directors of Funk and Wagnalls decided it would not fit in with the balance of their projected program. That's when Bernstein took his assembled notes to Doubleday.

A recording of Bernstein's hypnotic sessions with his impressionable friend is selling almost as fast as the book, though to my unpractised ears Bridey's revelations sounded more like the puffing of a donkey engine, or at best a patient struggling for breath in an oxygen tent. But who am I to scoff? I can only add that if Bridey is the real McCoy—or Murphy, that is—she must be the dullest and most boring lady who ever danced a jig on Ireland's emerald turf. Her repetitious revelations have all the excitement of a ninety-eight-page speech reprinted in the *Congressional Record*.

In Chicago a passerby who saw "Bridey Murphy" in Kroch's window bought the entire display of 166 copies. A meste-yrious hostess has given a "Bridey" party to which people were invited to come "as you were." Hollywood thinks Bridey should replace her namesake, Audie Murphy, in a remake of "To Hell and Back," or at least play the lead in a new version of "I Led Three Lives." "We're simply shoveling the book out," I was told by one Hollywood bookseller who is not given to using words loosely.

In the *New Republic* D. F. Malcolm wrote what also will be TRADE WINDS's last words on this subject. "I have no doubts whatever of Mr. Bernstein's talents as a hypnotist," reports Mr. Malcolm. "As I was toiling through his book I found my own eyelids growing irresistibly heavier and heavier. Furthermore, as I slipped off into unconsciousness, I seemed to sense the influence of some remote pre-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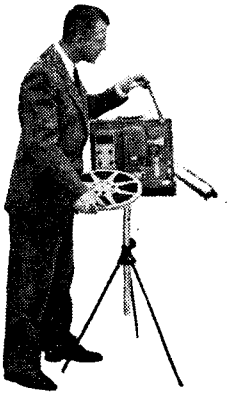

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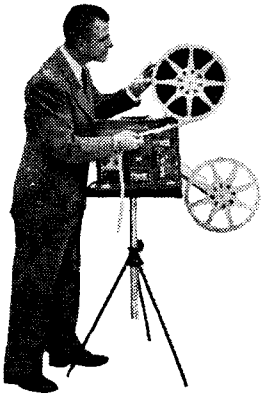

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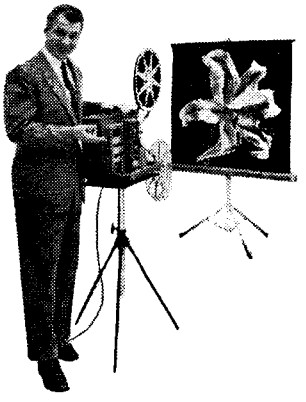

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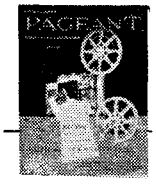


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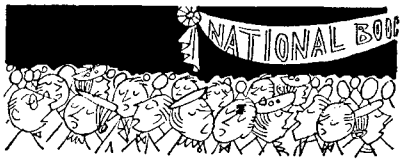
cursor stealing over my mind, as if I too had once lived another life. When I awoke with a start some hours later the book was nowhere to be seen, but a few suspicious fragments, still smoldering in the fireplace, lead me to conclude that in at least one of my former existences I must have been a confirmed skeptic in such matters."

**WHILE I WAS** dashing around the Pacific Coast (details later) the presentation of the seventh annual National Book Awards was proceeding apace




in the New York sector. My own Private Eye had the following details ready for submission upon my return.

"Not everybody by a long shot who attended the ceremonies endorsed the committee's choices but they all did agree on this: Senator John F. Kennedy, who addressed the assemblage, is going to go a long, long way in national politics. He has charm, good looks, social position, wealth, and an instinct for saying just the right thing at the right time. What's more, he's a darn good writer. Don't miss his 'Profiles in Courage' (Harper). You'll enjoy particularly his sketch of Old Bullion Benton of Missouri. Benton was the maverick who when asked if he ever had met Andrew Jackson boomed, 'General Jackson was a very good man. I shot him, sir.'

"Wystan Auden, winner of the poetry award, was asked whether he wrote to please his critics, his public, his friends, or himself alone. 'Most of the people for whom I write are dead,' replied Auden. 'Poets?' he was asked. 'Of course,' said Auden.

"A seemingly endless round of meetings and parties led to out-of-town editors and out-of-breath publishers' representatives being introduced to each other over and over again. . . . Frederico Babcock, of the *Chicago Trib,* was introduced to Tom Sherman, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* as 'Meet Mr. Vest,' an unconscious tribute to his dazzling waistcoat. . . . Babcock labeled as false the rumor that he doesn't wear anything under that vest. . . . John Sherman, of the *Minneapolis Tribune,* and Orville Prescott, of *The New York Times,* were the outstanding look-alikes. Mr. Sherman was the one with the glasses and Mr. Sherman's wife.

"Movie scouts were trailing two pulchritudinous reviewers from Indi-

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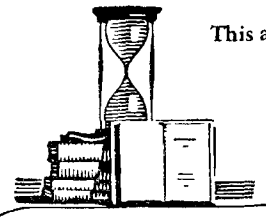

# *Ben used a French word for it*

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography has never before been printed in a book as he wrote it, although he wrote it nearly one hundred and seventy years ago. And, although it is known throughout the world as *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin,* he never applied that title to it; for (incredible as it may seem) the word "autobiography" had not even come into the language when Benjamin Franklin sat down to write his memoirs: in fact, it is likely that the word "autobiography" was developed only *because* Franklin wrote his memoirs.

It is strange indeed that such a masterpiece of simplicity, by such a master of both printing and publishing, should have had so complex a history in reaching the world of books. The explanation seems to be that Franklin put off the task of completing his memoirs until it was too late, and therefore he was dead before he could take a hand in the publication. The original manuscript was at his home in Philadelphia when, in 1789, in the month of November, he made two copies. One of these he sent to Benjamin Vaughan in England, the other he sent to Louis Le Veillard in France.

FIVE MONTHS LATER, in April of 1790, he was dead; and the matter of publishing the memoirs was left to the discretion of his grandson, William Temple Franklin.

The copy which had been sent to Vaughan in England has never been found. The copy which had been sent to Le Veillard in France was used as the text for the printed version published by William Temple Franklin in London in 1818. However, a French publisher named Buisson had already printed a pirated version in Paris in 1791, the source for the text not being known, and from the French version a pirated English translation was published.

Then, in 1868, the United States Minister to France, John Bigelow, prepared an edition based upon but not exactly following the manuscript obtained from the descendants of Le Veillard.

But what a complication is all this!

For, if the earliest pirated translation is disregarded, there are still, for the interest of those who take an interest, four "first editions" of *Franklin's Memoirs.*

THEREFORE, since the Huntington Library is now in possession of the original manuscript, that Library combined with the University of California Press recently to issue a large quarto volume which was called *The Parallel Text Edition of Benjamin Franklin's Memoirs* and which printed the four existing versions.

But it was upon publication of this Parallel Text Edition that our good friend Carl Van Doren, whose biography of Benjamin Franklin has for years been considered the definitive life, suggested to us that we would render a service to the world in general, and to the members of The Heritage Club in particular, if we prepared a book in which Franklin's *memoirs* would be printed directly from the original manuscript, in book form, for the first time.

WE AGREED, with enthusiasm and without hesitation; and then insisted that we could not get very far without Mr. Van Doren's assistance. This he gave, without hesitation and with enthusiasm. He directed us in the assembling of the text, and he supplied a fresh and wonderfully interesting introduction. When he sent us his introduction, he wrote "It is the first one in years that has anything new in it. Nobody, so far as I know," wrote Mr. Van Doren, "has before me studied the process by which the life or *memoirs* of Benjamin Franklin came to be called autobiography. The immense vogue of the *Life Written by Himself* may have had something to do with the appearance in English early in the nineteenth century, a decade or so after Franklin's death, of the new word 'autobiography' made up from the Greek to mean a life written by the person who had lived it. Then in 1840 Jared Sparks printed a *Life of Benjamin Franklin* in two parts: called 'Autobiography' as far as Franklin's own narrative went. For a good many years after that the work was more often *Life* or *Memoirs* than *Autobiography,* but John Bigelow's first printing, in 1868, gave it the title *Autobiography* which has since then superseded any other.". . . .

*You want more?* The words you have just been reading are an excerpt only, they represent the beginning lines of a current issue of THE HERITAGE CLUB SANDGLASS. That is a small and unpretentious and (it is hoped!) inoffensive leaflet which is sent each month to the members of The Heritage Club. If you are interested in reading the remainder of *this* issue of the SANDGLASS, and in receiving future issues too, you need only fill out and send us the coupon below. You will not be offered a membership in THE HERITAGE CLUB! Memberships in the Club are not always available, and this is one month in which they are not. We are willing to put you on the subscription list now because you *might* be interested in having a membership if and when one is available.

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ana: Marjorie Barnhart (*Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel*) and Mary Rennel Snyder (*Gary Post-Tribune*). . . . Ernest Cady (*Columbus Dispatch*) won the prize hands down for exhibiting most snapshots of his grandchildren. He produced sixteen. Margaret Parsons (*Worcester Telegram*) was runner-up with eight. . . . Tennessee Paul Flowers, no fool he, kept having his picture taken with Emily Hahn. . . . Alice Dixon Bond (*Boston Herald*) and Fanny Butcher (*Chicago Tribune*) were so spry they were mistaken for sub-debs by the Hotel Commodore photographer.

"Publishers quickly learned not to mention J. B. Priestley in front of Decherd Turner (*Dallas Times Herald*), who still hasn't forgiven the Englishman for his cracks at Texas in 'Journey Down a Rainbow.' . . . Luther Nichols (*San Francisco Examiner*) silenced a heckler with 'I just got off the plane, and my mind, like my suit, is still rumpled.' . . . Most inveterate pipe smokers were Harry Weissblatt (*Trenton News-Advertiser*) and Robert Perkin (Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*), who had trouble keeping his pipe going at the lower altitude. . . . Spotted in front of the Irish Tourist Agency: Bill Hogan (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and Phil Auer (*Los Angeles Mirror-News*), probably trying to find Bridey Murphy's telephone number.

"John Cook Wyllie (*Richmond News-Leader*) stopped John O'Hara cold by asking whether Gibbsville in 'Ten North Frederick' was really Richmond. . . . And Max Herzberg (*Newark News*) won a special award for the out-of-town reviewer coming the shortest distance. His prize: one token good on Sundays on the Hudson Tubes." Private Eye, we thank you!

**THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB** has announced two additions to its Board of Judges: Basil Davenport and our own John Mason Brown—wonderful choices both. They join Clifton Fadiman, Gilbert Highet, and John Marquand.

Only drawback to this distinguished quintet is that the woman's point of view is not represented. Dorothy Canfield Fisher was one of the BOMC's original judges, and when she retired the late Amy Loveman took her place. Admittedly, ladies of that calibre are few and far between, but likely candidates occur to me from such widely scattered localities as New York, Boston, Chicago, Houston, and Beverly Hills.

Actual names and supporting arguments will be cheerfully furnished upon application from qualified sources. —BENNETT CERF.

# The Literary Sampler

**ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN:** You may be hitched to one of these creatures we call "Western man," and I think part of your job is to keep him Western, to keep him truly purposeful, to keep him whole. In short—while I have had very little experience as a wife or mother—I think one of the biggest jobs for many of you will be to frustrate the crushing and corruptive effects of specialization, to integrate ends and means, to develop that balanced tension of mind and spirit which can be properly called "integrity."

This assignment for you, as wives and mothers, has great advantages. In the first place, it is home work—you can do it in the living room with a baby in your lap, or in the kitchen with a can opener in your hands. If you're really clever maybe you can even practise your savings arts on that unsuspecting man while he's watching television. And, secondly, it is important work worthy of you, whoever you are, or your education, whatever it is, because we will defeat totalitarian, authoritarian ideas only by better ideas; we will frustrate the evils of vocational specialization only by the virtues of intellectual generalities. Since Western rationalism and Eastern spiritualism met in Athens and that mighty creative fire broke out collectivism in various forms has collided with individualism time and again. This twentieth-century collision, this "crisis" we are forever talking about, will be won not on the battlefield but in the head and heart.

*—From an address at the Smith College Commencement June 1955 in "What I Think," by Adlai E. Stevenson (Harper).*

**PERILS OF PROGRESS:** Many delight in ticking off the crimes reported in the morning paper to prove that our times are out of joint and that our generation has deteriorated. But they fail to observe that crime has always existed, whereas newspapers are a recent phenomenon. Who can prove that the great virtue attributed to the past does not draw its luster from the anonymity of time? To our unaided eye the gushing water looks crystal clear. But there is an inventor of lenses who puts a drop of it under a microscope, another inventor who makes printing presses to publish what the lens grinder saw, and now everyone knows that the drop of water is swarming with microbes. The water did not deteriorate; our sight improved. Man is not worse; more publicity is given to his faults. The newspaper represents progress.

*—From "The Secret of Democracy." By Suzanne Labin (Vanguard).*

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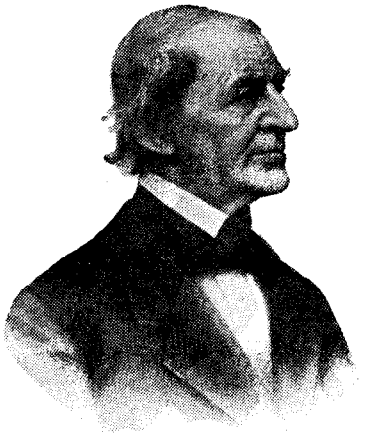
The Saturday Review
MARCH 10, 1956

# "LADIES & GENTLEMEN, MR. EMERSON"



*"He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart." How far our world of Auschwitz and automation, Orwell and Sartre, space-stations and the gray flannel suit has come since that day when Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) could make this praise of man the center of a philosophy. Yet in his own day he stood in the American avant garde, and perhaps a great deal of his teaching about the beauty and humanity of life still solidly underpins a part of the American tradition, where—if it is mostly invisible—it constitutes a steady force for good. Russell Potter is director of the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Columbia.*

By RUSSELL POTTER

THE CHAIRMAN of the meeting turned with a deferential bow to the speaker of the evening, a slight spare figure who, courteously acknowledging the introduction and the bow, approached the lectern quietly and unfolded his manuscript.

For a long moment he stood there silent, while all eyes were upon him. The effect, said one reporter, was "at first somewhat startling, and then nobly impressive." Quietly, but with "eminent *bonhomie*, earnestness, and sincerity," Ralph Waldo Emerson began reading his lecture.

The day was the last day of December just over 100 years ago: 1855. The place: Davenport, Iowa. Emerson had traveled hard and far to this and other mid-continent engagements. From Chicago he had written home: "I rode incessantly from Salem, Mass., where I took the cars on Thursday morning two days and two nights and was here at nine yesterday A.M. Tonight at eleven or else tomorrow at seven A.M. I go again to the Mississippi & across it to Davenport & then to Rock Island. But it is a little doubtful still as there is no arrival from that quarter whether snow and wind will allow me to reach the river. As for the crossing, once there, there is no difficulty, for it is frozen." And in his diary of that trip he remarked that he had crossed the mightiest of rivers three times on foot.

In another sense Emerson had traveled hard and far to reach that last day of 1855. He had not planned this life of itinerant lecturer, and, although he resolutely accepted its responsibilities, he was never completely at home on the American lecture circuit—as were many of his contemporaries. He was always a shy man, though never at a loss with strangers; a scholar who was happiest in his study, or on a walk through the woods with a friend, or at a mildly convivial meeting of the intimate friends who formed the Saturday Club. But he recognized the fact that the scholar needs to brush up against the non-scholarly world. In 1843 he had written to Carlyle: "I live so much alone, shrinking almost cowardly from the contact of worldly and public men, that I need more than others to quit home sometimes, and roll with the river travelers, and live in hotels." And on his first extended lecture tour he wrote in his journal: "I am greatly pleased with the merchants. In rail car and hotel it is common to meet only the successful class, and so we have favorable specimens: but these discover more manly power of all kinds than scholars; behave a great deal better, converse better, and have inexpressive and sufficient manners."

Pleased he was, too, with the new hotels and with the railroads. Of the former he wrote to his sister Elizabeth from Philadelphia: "The manner in which water is brought into every chamber, and gas light in every sitting-room gives a new value to cities. Gas light in your parlor is really splendid." He found the railroad "not prosaic, as people say, but highly poetic, this strong shuttle that shoots across the forest, swamp, river, and arms of the sea, binding city to city." And again: "Dreamlike traveling on

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the railroad. The towns through which I pass between Philadelphia and New York make no distinct impression on me. They are like pictures on a wall." Of the future of the American railroad—as of America itself—he was sure: "Fear haunts the building railroad, but it will be American power and beauty when it is done."

This awareness of "American power and beauty" was his while he was still a student in Harvard College. In 1822, when he was nineteen, he confessed to his journal his dream of the greatness of America, his vision of its opening frontiers: "Here . . . new Romes are growing, and the Genius of man is brooding over the wide boundaries of infinite empires, where yet are to be drunk the intoxicating drafts of honor and renown; here are to be played over again the bloody games of human ambition, bigotry, and revenge, and the stupendous Drama of the passions to be repeated. Other Cleopatras shall seduce, Alexanders fight, and Caesars die." Again, in the same year: "This country is daily rising to a higher comparative importance and attracting the eyes of all the rest of the world to the development of its embryo greatness."

Hard and far he had traveled. For more than a decade at the beginning of his career he was to grope his way slowly along a troubled and often uncertain path that was, however, to lead him to his own peculiar and individual niche in American life and thought. The son and grandson of preachers, brother and cousin and nephew of teachers, he was to preach and teach through all his mature life. But not from any orthodox pulpit nor from any academic classroom. The Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1837 (more commonly known as "The American Scholar") and the Divinity School address, also at Harvard, barred any progress in church or school. At the outset of his career he plainly labeled himself a non-conformist; he was practising his own doctrine of self-reliance. He had, perhaps not intentionally, burned his bridges. He never was a scholar, in the accepted sense of the word, and all his life he was to endure the carping criticism of those formalists who, having less fire and imagination to plague them, attached more importance to system and regularity than Emerson ever did. (Commenting in his journal on his essay "Self-Reliance," before its publication, he wrote: "My page about Consistency would be better written thus: Damn Consistency!") Nor was he ever a theologian, a "divine" who would conform to the prevailing winds of doctrine.

And he had a living to make. He did not ask much—but he asked more than his friend Thoreau did—and he did not have his friend's salable skill at surveying nor his strength to do odd jobs as a handyman. What to do? He turned, somewhat reluctantly, to the lecture platform, and became America's first professor of adult education a century before the phrase was invented. From the secure, if slight, income of a regular pastorate to the uncertain rewards of public lectures was a logical but hazardous step. For Emerson it was inevitable. In his journal he noted: "I read my commission in every cipher of nature, and know that I was made for another office, a Professor of the Joyous Science, a detector and delineator of occult harmonies and unpublished beauties, a herald of civility, nobility, learning, and wisdom; an Affirmer of the One Law, yet as one who should affirm it in music and dancing."

FORTUNATELY, for Emerson the time was ripe, and ten years later, when he was to begin his almost annual lecture tours through the Midwest, audiences had been organized to hear him. The first lyceum had been established in 1816 by Josiah Holbrook at Millbury, a village near Worcester. By the time Emerson was ready for the circuit there were almost 100 lyceums in Massachusetts alone, and the movement was spreading to other New England states, to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and out across Ohio and Indiana to Illinois and Iowa and Minnesota.

In 1836 he could write Carlyle in England that "my own experiments for one or two winters . . . have led me to think much and to expect much from this mode of addressing men." "In New England," he went on, "the Lyceum as we call it is already a great institution. Besides the more elaborate courses of lectures in the cities, every country town has its weekly evening meeting, called a Lyceum. . . . The audience is of all classes, and its character will be determined always by the name of the lecturer."

Carlyle had written him in 1835 for practical advice about a proposed lecture tour in America—how large an audience might be expected, how much to charge, what would be the expenses, etc., etc. "Nine hundred are thought a large assembly," Emerson told him. "Expenses for rent, lights, doorkeeper, etc., for the hall—about $12 each lecture. Three dollars is the least that might be demanded for a single course ticket [a course was to consist of fifteen to sixteen lectures]—perhaps $4; $5 for a ticket admitting a gentleman and a lady." As to the lecturer's income, he warns him that, except in exceptional and very lucky cases, "the fee to the lecturer is inconsiderable, usually $20 for each lecture," although a popular phrenologist received "probably $3,000 for his courses during the few months of his stay."

For more than a year Carlyle toyed with the idea, often asking his Ameri-

(*Continued on page 40*)

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## MARVELOUS MONICKERS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, submits fifteen names which at first blush look like anagrams, but aren't—they are *real* names (real fictional names, that is) of characters who appear in the novels alongside. She asks you to assign the proper characters to the proper books. Everything is straightened out on page 14.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Almus Pickerbaugh | ( ) | "The Romantic Comedians" (Ellen Glasgow) |
| 2. Crossjay Patterne | ( ) | "The Jungle" (Upton Sinclair) |
| 3. Darthea Peniston | ( ) | "Brave New World" (Aldous Huxley) |
| 4. Diggory Venn | ( ) | "The Way of the World" (William Congreve) |
| 5. Edmonia Bredalbane | ( ) | "Erewhon" (Samuel Butler) |
| 6. Hepzibah Pyncheon | ( ) | "Orlando" (Virginia Woolf) |
| 7. Jurgis Rudkus | ( ) | "Arrowsmith" (Sinclair Lewis) |
| 8. Tabitha Bramble | ( ) | "Ruddigore" (W. S. Gilbert) |
| 9. Mimsy Seraskier | ( ) | "The Return of the Native" (Thomas Hardy) |
| 10. Mustapha Mond | ( ) | "Humphrey Clinker" (Tobias Smollett) |
| 11. Rashleigh Osbaldistone | ( ) | "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker" (S. W. Mitchell) |
| 12. Ruthven Murgatroyd | ( ) | "Rob Roy" (Sir Walter Scott) |
| 13. Senoj Nosnibor | ( ) | "Peter Ibbetson" (George du Maurier) |
| 14. Wilfull Witwoud | ( ) | "The Egoist" (George Meredith) |
| 15. Marmaduke Bonthrop Shelmerdine | ( ) | "The House of the Seven Gables" (Nathaniel Hawthorne) |

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# Crime, Giveaways, and Sponsors

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD,
Punch's *TV and radio critic.*

ON September 22, 1955, the Independent Television Authority took to the air for the first time, and the BBC's twenty years of monopoly faded out with bangs and whimpers. Bangs—because the event was greeted by many people with a pyrotechnic display of jubilation: whimpers—because roughly half the country regarded the innovation with ugly foreboding.

Well, the ITA has now been in operation for half a year and it is possible to make a tentative assessment of its achievements. I must point out, however, that the ITA or Channel 9 programs are at present available to only a fraction of the country's viewers. The transmitting station at Croydon has an effective radius of about fifty miles, so that commercial television is restricted to the Greater London Area and the metropolitan fringe. At peak periods it commands an audience of perhaps 1,250,000; the BBC service covers most of Britain and claims as many as 9,000,000 viewers.

So far the ITA has had a very poor press. The amount of space devoted to genuine criticism of its programs is small, even in those newspapers which have a direct financial interest in the companies (known as program contractors) responsible for the material screened and the wooing of advertisers. Some papers, notably the *Daily Express,* mention Channel 9 only to disparage it, and are stepping up their praise of the BBC.

The critics belabor the ITA with several sticks. They maintain—and they are right—that the new programs are top-heavy with items imported from the USA, and they see in this a new threat of "Americanization" in British culture.

Most of the imports seem to me quite deplorable in quality. Under the BBC's monopolistic regime it could be argued that the British screen was too insular and isolationist, that the ration of transatlantic fare—consisting of newsreel scripts, the odd parlor game ("What's My Line?" etc.), and occasional glimpses of Ed Murrow and guests—was inadequate. But since September 22 the pipeline has been in spate, and viewers have been made dizzy by a kaleidoscopic plethora of American TV films, quiz programs, and double-your-money brawls. The ITA—or, rather, the two functioning program contractors, Associated-Rediffusion and Associated TeleVision—are screening such items as "Gun Law," "Dragnet," "I Love Lucy," "Inner Sanctum," "My Hero," Roy Rogers, Liberace, Hopalong Cassidy, Lassie, "Double Your Money," and "Take Your Pick." And to counter these attractions the dear old BBC has raided the American stockpile for "This Is Your Life," "I Married Joan," "The Burns and Allen Show," and a new set of parlor games.

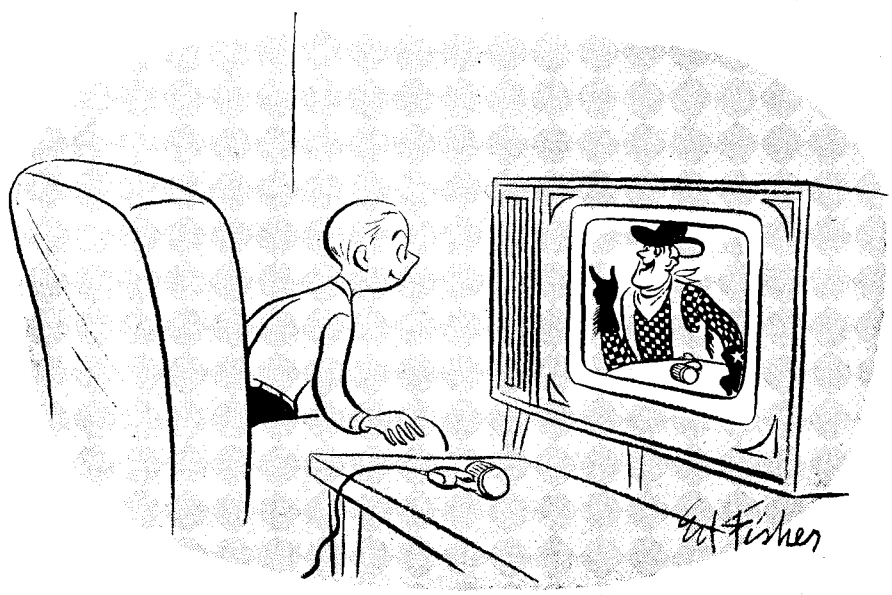
The second line of criticism concerns the ITA's home-produced material, which consists almost entirely of weak but star-studded plays, playlets, and dramatic excerpts, jaded, ham-fisted, cliché-choked variety, oleaginous disc-plugging crooners, and insufferable raconteurs. As a medium of "serious" entertainment and instruction Channel 9 is useless. When it kicked off hopes were high that its "news" (under the direction of the Labor politician Aidan Crawley and featuring Christopher Chataway, the crack runner, as newsreader) would be worth watching. The BBC television news is poor, merely a screened version of the sound news, which is reliable enough but lacking in the art of presentation, and the ITA only had to be reasonably bright, comprehensible, and comprehensive to emerge triumphant in the battle of the channels.

Unfortunately, the ITA news and newsreels flopped. The scheduled fifteen minutes were cut and cut again, Crawley resigned, and news virtually disappeared from the programs.

Other reasonably intelligent programs have also been axed. The original fanfares announced regular peak-hour sessions of classical music from the Hallé Orchestra under the baton of Sir John Barbirolli, and for a month the promise was honored. Then the pollsters discovered that the Hallé was attracting a smaller audience than the program contractors and advertisers would tolerate. It was not a paying proposition, so it was bundled out of the limelight into the penumbral obscurity of an off-peak period. Moreover, the musical content of the program has suffered an alarming change: where once we were given a taste of symphonic erudition we are now fed solely on semi-classical "pops," corny Tschaikowsky, Strauss, and Ketelby. Much the same kind of thing has happened to the only other serious program in the ITA locker, "The Scientist Replies."

BUT if the critics have knocked commercial TV there are abundant signs that it has made an excellent start with the general public. The new service has made the "telly" the number-one topic of conversation in the trains and buses that shuttle London's breadwinners between suburbia and the office. It is now taken for granted that one has spent some part of the previous evening in the baleful glare

(*Continued on page* 37)




**"Fair enough, Pardner? When I count three we both reach for our Flash-o-matic Tuners, and if I beat you to the draw you promise to listen to the commercial."**

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*SR's Book of the Week:*

# "THE QUIET AMERICAN"

By DONALD BARR

GRAHAM GREENE has let it be known for three years that there was to be a great alteration in his work; and it is true.

The conventions of the thriller—the chase, the cordon, the secret battle in the city—first gave him his method and his myth. By these he expressed an exciting, morosely colored vision of one of the worlds of the 1930s: it was a world of cowardly heroes, of defeated and corrupted men in seedy places, of unwanted sexuality, and a curious mood of bitter cursing pity. In two extraordinary novels, "Brighton Rock" and "The Power and the Glory," the religious character of this vision became clear. Then after 1940 Mr. Greene began to write novels of a different kind. They were devout, impassioned, and sluggishly plotted; the style had no hardness; there was a whining note. "The Quiet American" (Viking Press, $3.50) is again different; it is not altogether in the earlier manner, but it is Mr. Greene's best work since 1940. It is a superb fiction.

The setting is Saigon in Indochina in the early 1950s. To the north the Communists have begun their drive for the rice and opium crops—and for the Orient; the French and Vietnamese are holding, but at night the paddies swarm with the enemy, one never knows whose frightened soldiers are crouching in the next blockhouse, one never knows what treachery or corruption is wearing the smile of one's friends, and the city itself is full of the marching and countermarching of doubtful armies. Into this scene steps lightly—Alden Pyle, just out of Harvard, full of faith and hope, unschooled by pain, with a secret mission—the terrible innocent. The story of his murder is told by a sagging English newspaperman named Fowler. Fowler has neither faith nor hope, but he has charity; wherefore he smokes opium and tries desperately for the peace of the cynic, but Pyle takes his lovely Annamite mistress. . . .

There are two fierce confrontations, then, under the dash and intrigue of the tale: Innocence and Experience in love; America and Europe in politics. Every incident, detail, and line of dialogue are part of both: not because one is an allegory of the other, but because morally they are the same confrontation, as they are in Henry James. Mr. Greene has never written anything more brilliantly revelatory of character, personal character under the aspect of eternity, and national character, than the scene in which Fowler acts, with all the meticulous patience of rage, as Pyle's interpreter while the sincere American proposes to Fowler's girl.

Mr. Greene takes sides. The book will arouse indignation here. Some Americans will denounce it as a horrid neutralist attack on our cause in the Cold War; and even those of us who can imagine how our well-off, liberal foreign policy has often seemed —Operation Pharisee—to peoples who have spent themselves in history will want to protest that there is more to us than Woodrow Wilson and the Rover Boys. Few will be able to resist Fowler's wit.

We should remember that Fowler does not speak for Mr. Greene, but for Fowler. Mr. Greene speaks for Mr. Greene. To understand him well we must understand his treatment of adultery and suffering, and his construction.

Adultery. Graham Greene characters betray a certain emotional vanity. Often they have seemed falsely complicated about their desires, as if they took pride in how much mental energy they could expend in the act of love. To them it is always "the act of love." How they (and Mr. Greene?) hate the bounders to whom it is "a bit of fun"! It has to be a metaphor for some inexpressible rage of the psyche. The body expresses an idea too big for the brain. In what Mr. Greene calls his "Catholic novels" this bodily sign and the mental thing it signifies both express an ultimate spiritual hunger, so that adultery (for, like the troubadours, Mr. Greene thinks passion dies in wedlock) is to him a sort of wild sacrament, an unhallowed sacrament, anarchic and terrible but the only way some souls can come to a real and licit grace. Critics like George Orwell have

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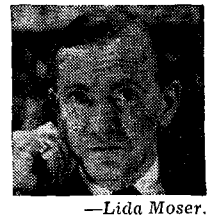

—*Lida Moser.*

**THE AUTHOR AS TRAVELER:** Like those other Catholic convert-authors Evelyn Waugh and St. Augustine, Graham Greene has found that the doctrines of his Church give him a reliable safe-conduct for literary journeys through the more entertaining circles of Hell. But Mr. Greene, who was born in England in 1904, has made geographical journeys as well. One of the earliest of these started shortly after he left Balliol College, Oxford, in the mid-Twenties. He had accepted a position with the British-American Tobacco Company in London, and he drudged ten whole days there before he realized that he would be far happier on a walking tour of the British Isles. He was at least well prepared when he set out on this jaunt, for he had toured his native Hertfordshire in his student days disguised as a tramp, and paying his way by operating a barrel organ. In 1925 he published his first book, a volume of poems entitled "Babbling April," and settled down to a journalistic career that has included a staff job on the *Nottingham Gazette* when James M. Barrie was an editor, another on the London *Times*, and the literary editorship of the *Spectator*.

The circle of his travels widened considerably during the Thirties and Forties, and sojourns on the Continent, in Mexico and Liberia, and in West Africa on special duty for the Foreign Office gave him the exotic backgrounds for his many morality-adventure tales. A visit to Indochina in 1954 gave him a chance to report the war for the *New Republic*, to keep a journal recording his experiences as an opium-smoker that was published in part in the *London Magazine*, and to gather material for the new novel reviewed above.

The first fruit of Greene's travels, "The Man Within," was published in 1929, and its tortured examination of the psychology of a weak and tempted hero caught in a web of crime indicated the line his later books would follow. "Novels and entertainments" he has called these, distinguishing between what he considers his serious works, like "The Heart of the Matter," and his mystery and gangster stories, like "A Gun for Sale" and "The Ministry of Fear," but they all show his characteristically profound knowledge of the interplay of morality and abnormal behavior.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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looked dourly on all this—especially on what is implied in the phrase "some souls"—as a blend of snobbery, charlatanry, and Jansenism. It still figures in "The Quiet American" (Fowler is married) but it is now quite controlled and cheerful.

Suffering. This is the old school tie of the whole tribe of Graham Greene heroes. Often one character is suddenly bound to another—an enemy or a stranger—by recognizing the signs of a common experience of pain. Pain is the real experience. Hell and Purgatory mingle in our world. Only Heaven is somewhere else. This point is close to the center of "The Quiet American."

Construction. A Graham Greene story is the wringing out of a character. Every one of the books he has written since 1940—even that cardboard affair "The Third Man," more menu than meal—ends with words like the close of Milton's "Samson Agonistes": "all passion spent." Only he has never dismissed us with "peace and consolidation," and certainly not with "calm of mind." Nor does he now, but now he leaves us with the kindly sense of a beginning, as if for once this special soul (all our souls are special) will find it easier to sneak down the alleyways to the back door of the mansions of grace.

# Growth and Obligations

***"Some Inner Fury," by Kamala Markandaya*** *(John Day. 255 pp. $3.50), tells of the growth and flowering of a young girl who, leaving the confines of her traditional family in India, encounters the larger world of love and experience in England.*

By John Frederick Muehl

IN SPITE of magazine ads to the contrary, it is not true that everyone has one novel in him but, as any apprehensive reviewer will tell you, many people who have one do not have a second. Last year when "Nectar in a Sieve" was published the critics and the public were about equally impressed. Yet rereading the reviews I do not find anyone who speculated on the continuing career of Kamala Markandaya. Perhaps there was something about the book itself which made it seem like a tour de force. Or it may be that the "documentary" power of the material made it difficult to appreciate the author's talent.

With "Some Inner Fury," Miss Markandaya's second novel, there are, fortunately, no such difficulties. For though the story is once again important and timely the brilliance of its authorship is everywhere apparent.

It is the first-person narrative, both tender and realistic, of the growth and flowering of a young Indian girl from the close confines of the traditional family into the larger world of love and experience. The first step is taken when Mira meets Richard, who has come from England with her brother Kitsamy, and when she discovers for the first time a new obligation that goes beyond the boundaries of family. It progresses when Mira decides to leave home to live with her brother against the wishes of her family, and it continues when she goes to work in the city for Roshan and discovers herself and her country, in that order. If there is a moral in the story it is Mira's discovery that there are no new freedoms, only new obligations, that while one might leave the family and the town it is only to discover the city and the world.

Particularly effective are the most quiet passages. Miss Markandaya writes evenly and well, and it often seems that when the least is happening one is best able to enjoy her prose for itself. Her family scenes, for example, are a joy, serene, unforced, yet quietly amusing.

Yet "Some Inner Fury" is not without violence. If it were not so engaging as the story of a young girl one might be tempted to describe it as a novel of revolt, the heroine against tradition, India against her conqueror. It is just that Miss Markandaya writes as a woman, with a deep and prevailing placidity, seeing where a man would see violence and bloodshed the quiet abstraction of human suffering.

And perhaps this is the most striking quality of the book, this prevailing tone of acceptance and belief in the face of the gradual dissolution of the family, the obvious movement of the plot toward tragedy.

It must now seem probable even to cautious reviewers that its author's talent is very real and very promising.

# Boy Riding Forward Backward

By Robert Francis

PRESTO, pronto! Two boys, two horses,
But the boy on backward riding forward
Is the boy to watch.

He rides the forward horse and laughs
In the face of the forward boy on the backward
Horse, and *he* laughs

Back and the horses laugh. They gallop.
The trick is the cool barefaced pretense
There is no trick.

They might be flying, face to face,
On a fast train. They might be whitecaps
Hot-cool-headed,

One curling backward, one curving forward,
Racing a rivalry of waves.
They might, they might—

Across a blue of lake, through trees,
And half a mile away I caught them:
Two boys, two horses.

Through trees and through binoculars
Sweeping for birds. Oh, they were birds
All right, all right,

Swallows that weave and wave and sweep
And skim and swoop and skitter until
The last trees take them.

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# Transplanted Irish

***"Men of No Property," by Dorothy Salisbury Davis*** *(Scribner's. 438 pp. $3.95), is a story of Irish who migrate to America in the 1850s.*

By Thomas Gallagher

THE farther from Ireland and what is exclusively Irish that Dorothy Davis goes in her novel of the 1850s, "Men of No Property," the better it becomes. The opening scenes are not quite the author's own; the characters are crossing to America but have not yet reached it. They are still so Irish, that is, and Miss Davis does not see them so much as hear them. Irishisms stand out on the page as if to keep the reader at a distance; there is no inner tension, only a kind of mystery (Stephen Farrell, lawyer and journalist disguised during the crossing as a priest); a pugnacious bluster (Dennis Lavery, Tammany-to-be; eloquence rising as conviction fades); fire and loveliness (Peg Hickey, needing love and spending it; her quiet sister Norah, having it to give); and a certain chronic potential (the foul-mouthed urchin Vinnie Dunne, the most convincingly developed character in the book, from urchin to student to lawyer to Newport—forerunner of our own John F. Kennedy of Boston).

The villain of these hazy beginnings is scholarship. And it is true that Irishmen cannot even feel despair unless they say they're feeling it, and then they put a jingle at the end and make it sound like something else. It takes a Joyce or an O'Casey of the early plays to see through the blarney to the stone, and Miss Davis is not that Irish.

Then, somewhere about page 100, as if Irish expression were what her scholarship needed after all, a strange and wonderful thing happens to Miss Davis. Not only does the writing begin to seek its own true level in the story, it becomes her own. The same characters who on the boat spoke their thoughts and had no others now have tension in their speech and insights behind their eyes. They begin, that is, to meet Jews and Protestants, Southerners and New Englanders, people for whose portraiture Miss Davis needs no scholarship.

The Irish are put on their mettle, as it were, and, like true Irishmen at last, struggle to free themselves of Miss Davis's restraining hands. Dennis Lavery, on the boat a mere physical opponent of Stephen Farrell, now becomes his political, moral, and spiritual foil: Dennis, addicted to politics and successful at it; Stephen, who should have been an Englishman, victim of his own integrity. Even Peg Hickey, a kind of dauntless Sister Carrie, becomes more convincingly an actress in California in the absence of her Irish friends than in New York in the presence of them. We meet the actor John Redmond, for example, and know him better in a page than we did the immigrants in fifty. A single scene with Peg and her Southern husband brings out more of Peg's inner life and meaning than did all the Irish repartee. There are these sketches along the way and they are all the finer for being quicker. The minstrel man in San Francisco, Tom Foley, with his Entertainments and Cures, administered in reverse order: the cures by day, entertainments by night. And, in larger measure, Vinnie Dunne, whose associations with the wealthy Taylors at Yale and Newport comprise perhaps the most convincing scenes in the book, redolent of Jean Stafford's "Boston Adventure."

Miss Davis sees the grudge behind Irish politics, the Sunday fear of God and the workaday agnosticism; she sees the genuine love for children and the therapy of laughs and liquor, the passing of the hot grog down to the very four-year-olds. No one can hate an Irishman the way another Irishman can, and Miss Davis does well with this truth. Stephen Farrell's hatred for Dennis Lavery is equaled by his understanding of him; his finer mind has a secret hold on Lavery, whose own dimmer hatred is therefore more abiding. Between them, thanks to the author's ingenuity, steps Jeremiah Finn, the Jew, and it is here that a more probing and knockabout treatment would have helped. The suggestion that inside every blustering Dennis is a Ghetto Jew, inside every "egghead" Stephen a sad and wise one, is a tonic these days, original or not. Miss Davis should have lived with this a little longer, but perhaps she intended the reader to do a little filling in.

Intelligent Irishmen will enjoy this honest and well-made book, which is itself a kind of immigrant; and so will all those others who feel that Irish joy resides more in the larynx than the heart. From the first brick thrown to "The Last Hurrah": this, then, is the book to read first.

—Lotte Jacobi.

Dorothy S. Davis—"honest, well-made."

# Anglican Amorality

***"Winter in the Air," by Sylvia Townsend Warner*** *(Viking Press. 250 pp. $3.50), is a volume of short stories about well-educated, well-born, well-monied Britishers who persist in doing what most people say is wrong.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

A THOUGHTFULLY arranged divorce, a compassionate adultery, a courtesan who does not seduce a seventeen-year-old who attracts her, a casual murder, a driving woman who conquers a sentimental aristocrat, a fake funeral designed to free a husband from his wife, a woman who regrets she married rather than slept with a man who attracted her—these, barely described, are the subjects Sylvia Townsend Warner writes about in her excellently written collection of short stories, "Winter in the Air." Sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, the writing is expert. Story by story, the underlying morality (or amorality?) seems rather too lax. Story by story, whatever one's own morality may be, one finds himself entertained by Miss Warner's skilful craftsmanship, whether he feels he should be entertained or not.

Except in "Emil," a moving story against Chamberlain's England that tried to preserve peace and got war, all of Miss Warner's stories are dead-pan, witty presentations of people who persist in doing what most people say is wrong. There is the grandmother who does good not because she likes doing good "but simply because she could not conceive herself

(*Continued on page* 32)

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**LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS**

Column Two should read: 5, 7, 10, 14, 13, 15, 1, 12, 4, 8, 3, 11, 9, 2, 6.

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# What Makes Russia Tick

***"Six Keys to the Soviet System," by Bertram D. Wolfe*** *(Beacon Press. 251 pp. $3.75), is a collection of polemical papers by one of our keenest students of Russian Communism. Raymond A. Bauer, who reviews it here, is a member of the staff of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences and author of "The New Man in Soviet Psychology."*

By Raymond A. Bauer

BERTRAM WOLFE is distinctive if not unique among writers on the Soviet Union in being both a scholar and a polemicist in the best sense. His "Three Who Made a Revolution" was a erudite triadic biography of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, widely appreciated by other students of Soviet Communism. In his new book, "Six Keys to the Soviet System," Wolfe appears more as a polemicist warning of the evils and dangers of the Soviet system, though preserving in the main the manner and substance of scholarly writing. The "keys" are, in Wolfe's own words: 1) the struggle for power; 2) the coordination of culture; 3) the workers in the workers' state; 4) the two types of Soviet election; 5) the Kremlin as ally and neighbor; 6) the nature of totalitarianism. The "keys" are actually topical section headings rather than main themes or concepts in a systematic treatise on the Soviet Union. The book is a series of quite penetrating essays written at different times and for various occasions, dealing with a variety of aspects of Soviet Communism from a consistent point of view.

In his introduction Wolfe says: "These studies of various aspects of Soviet totalitarianism were done over the years from 1940 to 1955. They contain many predictions which serve as tests not of the writer's ability to make lucky or informed guesses, but of a method of analysis of the dynamics of totalitarianism. Therefore, they are presented here as they were first written." Anyone who has written similar pieces, or read the statements of "Soviet experts" at various times, can scarcely help admiring Wolfe's willingness in putting his professional reputation on the line in this way. Nor can one deny the value of being offered the opportunity of reviewing interpretations made over a period of a decade and half during which our relations with the Soviet Union have changed so drastically, and in which the public attitudes of Western chiefs of state and the opinions of many "experts" have done complete "about-faces."

Unquestionably Wolfe has fewer statements on the record that he would want to change today than is true of many other writers. Writing in March 1945 he saw through the efforts of the Bolsheviks to fasten onto the Nazis their own murder of thousands of Poles in the Kaytn forest. He raised his voice against the partition of Poland in a way that indicated he well understood many of the issues which later proved to be important. In a book review published in 1947 he rejected the notion that the Chinese Communists were no more than "agrarian reformers." He issued an early warning against assuming that the post-Stalin leadership would prove to be appreciably easier to live with than Stalin had been. It seems to me, however, that Wolfe's ability to take a correct stand on these issues stemmed less from "a method of analysis of the dynamics of totalitarianism" than from a deep-seated antipathy to totalitarianism coupled with a profound suspicion of the motives of the Soviet leaders. Furthermore, his pieces on the role of the Soviet Union in international affairs are, in fact, more historical analyses and political warnings than predictions in any meaningful sense. Two chapters, "China and the Kremlin" and "Tito and the Kremlin," may be used as tests of whether or not Wolfe did at the time (1947-1949) predict any actual events. It is my judgment that they are not predictions, but that they were almost exclusively analyses of events gone by and warnings well taken of the ill intent of Communist leaders.

—*Shanks in* The Buffalo Evening News.

"Want a Testimonial?"

I FIND that I like best those sections of the book which cover topics that I personally know most about, namely the internal functioning of the Soviet state and Soviet society. "Operation Rewrite," a chapter on the remaking of Russian and Soviet history in the idealized image of Stalin is a scholarly and insight-filled treatment of the fate of Soviet historiography. "Some Wonders of the Russian Tongue" is a Cook's tour through the Russian-English dictionary in which Wolfe passes on to the reader some of the wonders of Soviet lexicography.

The essay "The Worker in the Workers' State" was printed in 1941. As of that time it was an excellent expose of the "laws of labor discipline" which the Soviet regime had introduced in the previous year. The specialist can get a good deal of profit and enjoyment out of looking at similar pieces in the context of the time in which they were written. However, the fact that this and other chapters of the book were written at different points in time poses rather difficult problems for the rank-and-file reader. I doubt that the average reader will be able to appreciate fully what Wolfe wrote at these times due to the fact that few can be expected to have sufficient awareness of what preceded and succeeded these events. He is unlikely to know, for example, the intense resentment which the "laws of labor discipline" generated, and the fact that the Soviet regime had to give way under popular pressure to such an extent that at present these laws seem to be virtually off the books.

While, as I have indicated, Wolfe does not anywhere in this book give a coherent statement of the nature of the Soviet system or even of Bolshe-

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vik tactics in the international field, he has much to say that is interesting and valuable. The view of the Soviet Union reflected in this book is one that today is shared by most serious American writers, although Wolfe may claim legitimately that he held this view more explicitly and earlier than did some of them.

The major defect in the approach of this book is that it takes too little account of the forces working for change in the Soviet Union. Naturally, an author cannot do everything in a single book. But, viewed in the perspective of what has already been written on the Soviet Union, it seems to me that what the American public needs most at this time is some idea—however speculative it may be—of the direction in which Soviet society is drifting. It is not sufficient to say that the Soviet leaders are bent on world domination, that the total state is a prison for hundreds of millions, and that it tends to maintain its present form. No society or state is impervious to the erosion of day-to-day forces, as Wolfe with his acute sense of history must well know. I wish that he had turned his predictive tools toward some intelligent guesses as to the long-range (say twenty-year) effect of forces endemic in Soviet society.

The last chapter of the book entitled "These Weapons Are in Our Hands" is the most exciting and thought-provoking. Wolfe makes it abundantly clear that the danger of Communism lies not only in the intent of the Soviet leaders, but also in the hopes and aspirations of the peoples of the world. He calls on us to acknowledge these aspirations, to champion them, and to wrest these weapons from the hands of the Soviet leaders who so perverted the content of their own ideological slogans. This chapter was originally written in 1953, Wolfe explains, as "a brief memorandum for the consideration of those policy planners and agencies of the American Government concerned with the persuasion of others. At the time I was chief ideological adviser to the Voice of America; thus my suggestions were not the uncalled-for remarks of a student of Soviet affairs, but an instrument of my prescribed duty. Most of the proposals in the memorandum were (unfortunately) not accepted, or if accepted not systematically incorporated in government work in this field."

It is indeed harrowing to think that our top policy makers perhaps do not share Wolfe's point of view, or duly consider his sagacious proposals, thereby themselves defeating our fight against Communism.

# Uncalm Land

***"Korea Tomorrow: Land of the Morning Calm," by Kyung Cho Chung*** *(Macmillan. 384 pp. $5.95), is an account of the geography, ethnography, history, and culture of that embattled land, written by a native now teaching in this country. Here it is reviewed by Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History Emeritus at Yale and longtime student of Asia.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

A MORE nearly accurate title for Kyung Cho Chung's "Korea Tomorrow" would be "Korea Yesterday and Today." For that is what the book really is. The author is a Korean, educated in Japan, Seoul, and the United States, and is currently on the faculty of the Army Language School in Monterey, California. What he has done is to give a comprehensive account of his native land, its geography, ethnography, history, and culture. About a third of the volume covers the years since 1945. Its chief value is its inclusiveness. It is not alone in its field, but it brings the story more nearly down to date than do its competitors. Its statistical tables are useful, especially those of the current or near-current scene. Its bibliography is admirable and there are good maps and a convenient glossary.

No one writes without a bias, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged. Being a Korean, the author tends to glory in his country's past and to minimize its weaknesses, both of other years and of the present. Yet he attempts to be objective and does not entirely ignore the dark spots.

Quite understandably, he is very critical of Japan and has much to say of the exploitation of Korea and its people by that country. He is also against Communism and Communist rule, whether that be of the Russians, the Chinese, or the puppet regime in the North. Yet the book is not propaganda. It is an honest effort to give a balanced and dependable picture.

The historian could wish for more accuracy. For instance, it is simply not true, as is stated on page 4, that "Korea, until it was annexed by Japan, had retained its independence." Such a sweeping statement ignores the occupation of much of the North by China under the Han Dynasty in the second and first centuries before Christ and by the T'ang Emperors, and passes over the Mongol conquest and the long vassalage to China. Nor was Catholic influence brought from China in the seventeenth century, as the book tells us, but in the latter part of the eighteenth. In the Sino-Japanese treaty of 1895 it was only China that recognized the independence of Korea, not both countries, as the author implies. In its treaty of 1876 with Korea, Japan had already acknowledged that status, presumably as a way of denying Chinese suzerainty. These errors suggest that where the author leaves the field of history he must also be checked with care.

When these strictures have been recorded recognition must immediately be added of the important contribution of the book. If the limitations are remembered, here in a single volume the reader will find a survey of Korea today with enough background to place it in perspective.

Kyung Cho Chung has here frankly and clearly set forth the difficulties in which its geographic position has placed that unfortunate land. Too small to defend itself against powerful neighbors, yet so strategically placed that each of them is jealous of possible control by one or more of the others, the only prophecy which can be safely ventured about Korea tomorrow is that the peninsula will continue to be a bone of contention.

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RELIGION

# Jesuit in China

***"The Wise Man from the West," by Vincent Cronin** (E. P. Dutton. 300 pp. $4.50), is the story of Father Matteo Ricci, the Jesuit who pierced sixteenth- and seventeenth-century China's Bamboo Curtain and carried to the Hidden Kingdom knowledge of Christianity and Western civilization. It is reviewed here by the Rev. John La Farge, associate editor of the Jesuit weekly magazine* America.

By John La Farge

THE EXPLOITS of the pioneer Jesuit missionary to China, Father Matteo Ricci (1552-1610), formed for a couple of centuries part of the furnishings of the European imagination. Baroque-days college students, eighteenth-century Enlightenment world-philosophers, loved to hear how this stately Italian gentleman, scholar, and saint unlocked the Middle Kingdom's frowning gates and charmed its highest literati. He won them by his mathematics and astronomy, his knowledge of Chinese literary language and style, his exquisite taste and lofty spiritual bearing. In a day when Christian governments backed up their spiritual envoys by a show of power or inducements of wealth this man relied solely on the grace of God and the vast resources of his own personality. He came as the lone representative to one mighty civilization of another civilization's totally unknown culture. And in what style, with what zest and imagination did he fulfil his office!

Against the opinions of the clergy and his own Jesuit brethren in Portuguese-occupied Macao, Ricci along with his far-sighted Superior, Alessandro Valignano, held that the Chinese would embrace Christianity if it were sympathetically presented to them. He adapted his own name to Chinese ears and tongues. Matteo Ricci became Li Ma-t'ou, who entered the Forbidden Kingdom as a humble mendicant clad in the drab robes of a Buddhist bonze.

Two years later, after innumerable adventures, he made his supreme policy decision. He exchanged the bonze's gray rags for the ankle-long silk robe of the graduate literati with loose flowing sleeves in the Venetian style, "purple, with a pale border two inches wide at the neck, lined with a belt of the same color—almost the red and blue of his coat of arms—folding the wide ends across his breast and tying them on the side with long bows." A high, square, black hat, a fan, softly embroidered slippers, and a graduate's red-cased visiting book completed the magnificent outfit. Thus dressed, and vastly equipped with wisdom and prestige, he finally made his way to the eunuch-beleaguered court of the imperial Son of Heaven himself.

The vast scope of Ricci's work and that of his immediate successors has only been made apparent in recent times, through publication by the great Sinologue Father P. M. D'Elia, S.J., of the original documents concerning him and the history of the first relations between Europe and China (1579-1615).

Now Vincent Cronin, son of A. J. Cronin, the popular novelist, has made skilful use of these and related sources in "The Wise Man from the West," a well-organized narrative, packed with lively pictures and suspense: a fine travelogue and a moving personal characterization. Counterpart to Ricci's adventures were those of the Portuguese Jesuit Coadjutor Brother Benedict de Goes, who toiled his way to China across the whole expanse of Central Asia. He arrived finally in Peking, only to die exhausted in the arms of another Jesuit, a Chinese Brother and companion of Father Ricci. Through the exertion that cost him his own life he had proved that famed Christian Cathay was but a legend: the real Cathay was simply China itself.

It is hard to keep from bitterness on thinking how much that Ricci accomplished was wrecked after his death by the jealousy and stupidity of otherwise good men, who were scandalized at the superbly wise, Christianlike plan of cultural adaptation that Ricci stood for. Seventy years of wretched controversy ended in the tragic condemnation of the ceremonial rites that symbolized his policy, followed shortly after by the papal suppression of the Jesuit Order itself.

This blot on his memory was finally erased in 1939, in no small degree as the work of another Matteo Ricci of our times, the Belgian Vincentian Father Lebbe, founder of the native Chinese hierarchy. Today Communist China's spiritual shipwreck is history's grim footnote on Ricci's wisdom, derived in last analysis from his profound and humble realism.

Vincent Cronin—"skilful use of sources."

> The greatest mandarins [Mr. Cronin writes] hailed him as one of the sages of China, a prodigy of learning, and gravely repeated his *obiter dicta*. Yet he knew that . . . when the novelty of Western learning wore off, when his astrolabes and quadrants were no longer one of the sights, only humility would remain to turn the scale.

Will the Bamboo Curtain of today ever yield to men of like vision and like humility?

# Notes

**BLUEPRINT FOR AMERICAN JEWRY:** The Reconstructionist Movement in American-Jewish life is a wing of Conservative Judaism which regards "Judaism as the dynamic religious civilization of the Jewish people," according to Eugene Kohn, the editor of **"American Jewry: The Tercentenary and After"** (Reconstructionist Press, $3.50). The nine essays in this volume, all originally published in the pages of the official journal of the Reconstructionist Movement, approach American-Jewish society more or less in the Reconstructionist spirit. That is to say, the authors do not indulge in flattery, but in soul-searching. They do not assume that the survival of the Jews in the past is any assurance of future survival.

Dr. Kohn himself stresses that American Jewry was not prepared for world Jewish leadership a decade ago

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when such leadership was thrust upon the Jews in the United States. Thus, Jewish culture in this country suffered because the immediate problem was to save the remnant of the Jewish people.

Nevertheless, the contributors to this anthology find much comfort in the past and hope for the future of American Jewry. Mordecai M. Kaplan, the High Priest of Reconstructionism, is represented by two chapters, on the meaning of the tercentenary and on the question of whether American Jewry has come of age. Like most of us, he hasn't the answer, although he does pose some critical questions. Granting that American Jewry has given a good account of itself, Dr. Kaplan doubts that America owes its power and prestige to any single group, Jews included. "The only kind of contribution of a high order that Jews as a group can make to American culture is that which reflects their group individuality." Therefore, only if Jews excel in religion can they "pull their own weight culturally and spiritually."

Not surprisingly, the contributions to this volume offer diverse views on American Jewish culture. Charles Angoff writing on culture, Alfred Werner on artists, Bernard G. Richards on Zionism, Samuel Dinin on education have original contributions to make, and so has Harold M. Shulweis on religion. In all a provocative book.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

**RELIGION AND MENTAL HEALTH:** In **"Religious Factors in Mental Health"** (Association Press, $3.50) Dr. Wayne E. Oates draws upon his clinical experience with three purposes in mind: 1) to interpret the religion of the mentally ill as nearly as possible from the patient's point of view; 2) to provide through such an interpretation another basis of communication between ministers, psychiatrists, and social workers in their work together in understanding and ministering to the mentally ill; and 3) to contribute to the psychological understanding of religion itself.

By careful analysis of the actual experience of religion among mentally ill patients Dr. Oates reveals some of the differences between "health-giving" and "health-destroying" religions.

Such awareness can be of great help to parents, teachers, and others in communicating a really wholesome religion to children and young people, thus avoiding much of damage that would otherwise have to be repaired later.

We are all becoming more mental-health *conscious* these days. The read-

(*Continued on page* 34)

**REPORT ON A BESTSELLER**

# The Story Behind "The Search for Bridey Murphy"

By Siegfried Mandel

LAST week in North Carolina a new parlor game was enjoying a great vogue. To participate in it guests gathered in darkened living rooms and wiled away hours by guessing who they might have been in former incarnations. In Los Angeles a newspaper reporter subjected himself to hypnosis and was shocked to discover that once, back in the 1600s, he had been a German leathermaker. From the Midwest came a report that an overly-curious teen-ager had killed himself in the hope of hastening his discovery of what his next reincarnation would be. And in California one enterprising hostess, in an effort to keep up with it all, threw a party for which the invitations read "Come as you were" (see TRADE WINDS, page 5).

The cause of all this was a medium-sized, unpretentious-looking book entitled "The Search for Bridey Murphy" (Doubleday, $3.75), by Morey Bernstein, the young Colorado businessman shown in the picture at the right. The book's appearance was deceptive, for since its publication on January 6 its publishers have had to print 120,500 copies and it is now No. 1 nationwide non-fiction best-seller. Its publishers have also arranged for its serialization in thirty-nine newspapers throughout the country and 20,000 of its exciting words have already appeared in *True* magazine (with another 5,000 words to appear in a later issue). In New York, the *Daily Mirror* headed a full-page advertisement for its serialization of "The Search for Bridey Murphy" with the question "Do you seek a new thrill?" In Charleston, S. C., the *Gazette* ran seven installments of "Bridey," each in turn being blasted by its rival paper, the Charleston *Daily Mail*, thereby increasing the circulation of both papers. The story was heralded by radio and television commentators throughout the country and denounced by clergymen and psychologists. Said the New York *Daily Mirror*, somewhat shakily, at the bottom of its full-page advertisement: "Any conclusions to be drawn from [the book] are the reader's own."

The "new thrill" to be found in "The Search for Bridey Murphy" was, of course, an old one, but there was

—*Oren A. Sealy.*

**MOREY BERNSTEIN,** thirty-six-year-old author of "The Search for Bridey Murphy," is better acquainted with the world of business than with that of the occult. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance, he is partner in three family-owned companies in Pueblo, Colorado. Regarding his writing, he says that he is able to sit down to type or dictate at almost any time of day or night and under almost any circumstances.

no doubt that it had been given a new look. Briefly, it was a combination of two age-old phenomena, hypnotism and reincarnation, garnished with 1956 trimmings. It all began when Mr. Bernstein, a self-taught hypnotist, practiced his skill on a seemingly normal and healthy young matron named Mrs. Ruth Simmons at his Colorado home. Under hypnosis Mrs. Simmons declared that she had led a previous life as one Bridey Murphy in Cork, Ireland, more than 100 years ago. These revelations, which were recorded on tape by Mr. Bernstein, form a good part of his book whose most interesting moments begin when Mr. Bernstein, after coaxing his subject to recall her very earliest years as a twentieth-century American, urges her to remember a previous existence. "One year old, one year old," Mr. Bernstein quotes himself as saying to the hypnotized Mrs. Simmons. And then: "Now go on even farther back. Oddly enough, you can go even farther back. I want you to keep on going back and back and back in your mind. And, surprising as it may seem, strange as it may seem, you

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will find that there are other scenes in your memory. There are other scenes from faraway lands and distant places in your memory. . . ."

The conversations that took place on six different occasions are fully recorded. One sample exchange:

"What is your name?"
". . . Uh . . . Friday."
"Your name is what?"
"Friday." [Later, this name turned out to be Bridey.]
"Don't you have any other name?"
"Uh . . . Friday Murphy."
"And where do you live?"
". . . I live in Cork . . . Cork."

After further laborious prodding on the part of Mr. Bernstein Mrs. Simmons revealed the names of Bridey's parents (Kathleen and Duncan), the name of Bridey's husband (Brian), the correct denominations of coins used in the Ireland of that time, the names of a few retail stores in the city of Belfast, the name of her own school (Mrs. Strayne's Day School) and of her husband's church (St. Theresa's in Belfast). She also revealed a few nineteenth-century Irish colloquialisms, some glimpses of what Mr. Bernstein was quick to term for her "the astral world," and the apparently unsuspected fact that, although she is supposedly only an ordinary social dancer in the person of Ruth Simmons, as Bridey she could do an intricately symbolic Irish "Morning Jig." Even more exciting for the readers of "The Search for Bridey Murphy" is the apparent transformation of Mrs. Simmons during a lapse in one session into a sickly infant living about 300 years ago in New Amsterdam a good hundred years before she could have been Bridey Murphy. Says Mr. Bernstein, by way of explaining why he did not delve into the future incarnations of Mrs. Simmons: "For obvious reasons I have never tried to take a hypnotic subject into the future. Even if the subject's 'prophecies' turned out to be sheer nonsense, considerable anxiety might be aroused while she awaited the outcome of events."

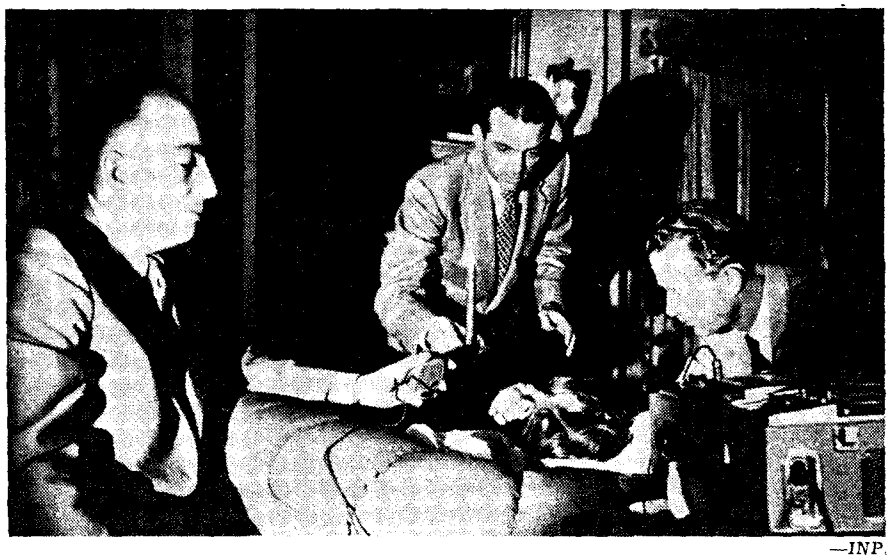
Mr. Bernstein's first published account of the story of Bridey Murphy appeared in a 1952 Sunday supplement of *The Denver Post*. Then Bernstein, as Bennett Cerf reports on page 5, took the idea of doing a book on it to publisher William Sloane. Subsequently, in one form or another, the book toured the rounds of three agents and several publishing houses (and underwent a good deal of revising) before it stayed at Doubleday for keeps. In an effort to establish its authenticity Doubleday then checked the fact that Mrs. Simmons did exist (she does and looks very much like Julie Harris and has never been to Ireland), then began checking the accuracy of the Simmons-Murphy description of nineteenth-century Ireland. This search brought forth the fact that there were indeed at that time shops which bore the names "recalled" by Bridey Murphy-Ruth Simmons, that her colloquialisms seem reasonably correct, and that there was a barrister in Cork in 1830 who bore the name of the supposed Bridey's husband's father.

BUT a number of interesting things have attended the publication of the book. In an interview with Miller Davis of the *Chicago Daily News* Mrs. Simmons stated that she was raised by Scandinavians, but in reality both her parents and foster parents are reported to have Irish backgrounds, thereby giving Mrs. Simmons more than an ordinary chance to imbibe a little Irish local color for her Bridey. The middle name of Mrs. Simmons's present husband is Brian (exactly as was the name of Bridey's supposed husband) and Mrs. Bernstein, with whom Mrs. Simmons is familiar, bore the Irish name of Higgins before her marriage. It is generally agreed that a hypnotized subject is apt to take any suggestion of his hypnotist as a command. Moreover, a responsive subject is able to recall exact details of past experience which are lost to the waking mind. When unhypnotized Mrs. Simmons can recall nothing of her "Bridey" self. But she may have retained such information picked up from family tales or even books in her subconscious mind and she could take Mr. Bernstein's suggestions as commands to do so.

Last month John Dollard, professor of psychology at Yale University, wrote in his review of the book for the *New York Herald Tribune*: "We may be reasonably sure . . . that a searching psychological study of the subject would take all the 'mystery' out of this case. It would also reveal the remarkable power of unconscious mental life to bilk not only a naive hypnotist, but also the subject."

To check on such possibilities, a Toledo, Ohio, newspaper reporter named Ray Brunner started searching through the archives of old motion pictures and old novels in the hope of finding out that Bridey Murphy was actually a character in one or another of these. In Chicago, another hypnotist got into the act by putting a twenty-one-year-old county jail prisoner into a trance—a prisoner who began mumbling the name of his wife in a former life. Unhappily, it was a name which could not be checked in any Chicago files.

But the public at large, having been denied its Ouiji boards fully a quarter of a century ago, was having too good a time to worry about such things, and the country's newspapers, whose circulation figures were soaring by their serialization of "The Search for Bridey Murphy," clearly found the story too good to be untrue. Wrote a columnist in *The Rocky Mountain Herald*: "To me the book even surpasses 'Trader Horn' in plausibility. It reeks with integrity, just like the $64,000 TV show." And proving its commercial adaptability to both of these interesting comparisons, the book—as well as a long-playing record of "Bridey Murphy revelations"—was continuing to supply the public with exactly what it wanted.



—*INP*.

**HYPNOTIC SESSION:** In this publicity photo Author Bernstein (center) shows how he conducted search into "Bridey Murphy's" past. As an assistant holds microphone to Mrs. Simmon's lips Bernstein holds candle "at about 45-degree angle above her head and not more than eighteen inches from her eyes." Mrs. Simmons, a particularly good subject according to Bernstein, went into her first trance by time he had counted to three.

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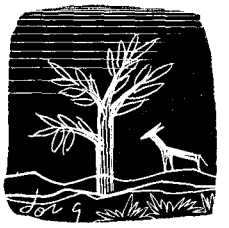

# From the Yukon to Ungava

***"The Mysterious North," by Pierre Berton*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 345 pp. $5), is a report by a Canadian newspaperman on the vast, barren land in the Far North. Bruce Hutchison, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Struggle for the Border."*

By Bruce Hutchison

AS A skilled professional reporter and a reckless amateur of exploration Pierre Berton has written in "The Mysterious North" a book with an unusual, perhaps a unique, virtue in its field: it sees the Canadian North whole. Many other books have examined parts of it in greater detail. Few, if any, can have surveyed it in such a wide sweep and engaging style.

No such survey would have been possible in a single lifetime before the day of the airplane. Mr. Berton has used automobiles, trains, horses, dogsleds, and his own legs on various side journeys, but for the most part he has flown, dropping down at any place which seemed to promise interesting copy. The result is a mural stretched from the Yukon to Ungava, a painting of bold brush strokes, gaudy background colors, and some rare human figures in the foreground.

For this formidable undertaking the author was equipped by his birth in Whitehorse, his youth in the dwindling gold town of Dawson City, the perpetual travels of his manhood as a magazine writer, and, most of all, by his passionate love of the North.

A boy who grew up next door to Robert W. Service and floated down the Yukon River with his parents almost before he could walk thought of the North as a single piece, centered around the gutted placer fields of the Klondike. But he has found that there really is no North, except as a geographical expression, that dozens of separate climates, terrains, and races occupy an unimaginable area where Texas or the British Isles could be stowed away unnoticed. To speak of the North as a single region, the author says, is like lumping Scotland and Serbia together because both belong to Europe. In fact, the mountainous Yukon, the oozing Mackenzie River basin, the rusty Labrador Peninsula, with its hills of iron, or the glistening fjords of Baffin Island might be on separate continents. They are unified only by the nationality of Canada and imaginary lines of latitude.

Variety is one part of the northern mystery but only one part. All travelers have felt, like Mr. Berton, the mystery of the land itself, its beauty, brutality, and loneliness. Few have equaled his descriptive talents. His pen makes the mystery palpable and appalling.

Still deeper is the mystery of human life throughout the North, now in process of rapid change, thanks to the airplane. All the familiar figures of fiction appear in this factual book—the starving trapper, the mad prospector, the devoted missionary, the happy Eskimo, the tragic Indian—and many unlikely newcomers who, in a few remote mining towns and military bases, are importing civilization overnight by air.

MR. BERTON'S swarming narrative is enlivened by a series of unknown epics, the adventures of nameless men and not a few of the author's own narrow escapes—for example, his mad flight into Headless Valley, which was long described as a tropical oasis and haunt of homicidal stone-age Indians but turned out to be perhaps the finest mountain and river scenery on the continent, innocent of any habitation.

If he has a strong anecdotal talent and knows how to bring obscure characters to life, Mr. Berton knows how to invoke the grandeur and the history of the planet's northern slope.

The reader who is interested in the geological story of this land, the emergence of America's highest mountains, the rise of its largest inland seas, the advance and retreat of the ice, the deposit of oil in the vast central plateau and minerals throughout the horseshoe of the Precambrian Shield, will find it told here in layman's language. The armchair explorer will confront spectacles beyond the reach of the camera.

The book is chiefly valuable, however, as a total assessment of the North in all its aspects, by an accomplished writer and a Northern man. Since the economic gravity of Canada and the defense system of America are now tilting northward in Russia's direction Mr. Berton's report is not only a lively record of travel but a timely social document.

*—From "The Mysterious North."*

**". . . a mural . . . bold brush strokes, gaudy colors, some rare human figures."**

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# Under Two Flags

***"Whoop-Up Country," by Paul F. Sharp*** *(University of Minnesota Press. 347 pp. $5), is a history of life on the plains of Montana and Alberta, divided by a political border but no natural boundary, during the two decades following our Civil War.*

By L. L. L. Golden

TO THE student of American-Canadian relations one of the most interesting areas is the Canadian-American West, a region where Nature set up no barriers between the two countries and which is rich in material for the study of the manner of growth of both rations. Yet, for some reason, historians have paid little attention to what was once known as Whoop-up country, the vast plains of Montana and Alberta, south as far as Great Falls and north to Calgary. Now an associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, Paul F. Sharp has written "Whoop-Up Country," a valuable, detailed, and stimulating book covering the years 1865 to 1885.

In these two decades we can watch the growth of neighbors at a time important to both. Matching the ending of the American Civil War was Canada's Confederation in 1867 when Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's first Prime Minister, was anxious to maintain Canadian integrity by forcing an east-west development, breaking the natural north-south course of life of that territory.

Professor Sharp tells us about the time before the coming of the railroads, before Canada was tied by east-west rails. It is the period of the fur-trading companies and the free trader who had no responsibilities to a company, a nation, the Indians, or indeed the maintenance of the source of fur supply. It is the time of the whiskey traders, of rich cattlemen, of Indian massacres and Sitting Bull, of the origins of what later became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, of lengthy bull trains and freezing winters, of American Manifest Destiny and Canadian efforts to handle their relations with Washington directly, instead of detouring via London. But above all he tells the story of 240-mile Whoop-Up Trail from Fort Benton in Montana northwest to Fort Macleod in Alberta, the bitter struggles along the trail, and the bringing of law to a vast district that ran its own show and was often less than enthusiastic at outside interference.

The "pacification" of the Indian in the Whoop-Up country, the means of handling the problem of a people who were destined to be driven further and further from their normal habitat, is neither pleasant nor does it speak well for the rough-and-ready enterpriser of the period. But Mr. Sharp does make it clear that the picture was not entirely one of avaricious men seeking to kill off human beings who stood in their way.

Professor Sharp points up how Canadian determination to break the north-south economic axis, symbolized by the Whoop-Up Trail, led to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and how in "a surprisingly short time settlers on both sides lost the sense of regional unity so pronounced during the preceding quarter-century. They remained good neighbors but their economic and social contacts were increasingly casual."

There is much here to set the spinner of tales of the American-Canadian West, as well as the fiction writer, back on his heels. For those who would glorify the cowboy of the northern range into an incredibly heroic figure Mr. Sharp has this to say: "Now regarded as mounted knights of the plains, living lives of high adventure, they then enjoyed a rather indifferent reputation. . . . Most were hardworking hands whose tasks were more often monotonous than exciting, better described as menial than lordly."

This assessment by the police commissioner to the Canadian Prime Minister is worth remembering next time you see a horse opera: "It is well to bear in mind that the American 'cowboy' or horse thief is a desperado of the worst description, who holds the life of a man as cheaply as that of an animal, being always well mounted and armed."

*—From "The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico."*

**Hernando Cortés, Mexico's conqueror.**

# Foot Soldier in Mexico

***"The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico, 1517-1521," by Bernal Díaz del Castillo*** *(translated by A. P. Maudslay. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 478 pp. $6.50), is a classic account of one part of "the pilgrimage of Western man," published for the first time in this country in an abbreviated version. Professor J. Fred Rippy of the University of Chicago, author of "Historic Evolution of Hispanic America," reviews it below.*

By J. Fred Rippy

WHEN he was about seventy years old Bernal Díaz del Castillo, who had participated as a Spanish foot soldier in the conquest of Mexico nearly fifty years before, sat down to record the remarkable exploits in which he had participated. He brought to the task considerable merits—verve, vividness, frankness, and broad tolerance—as well as a spirit he later expressed in his preface: "That which I have myself seen and the fighting I have gone through, with the help of God, I will describe quite simply as a fair witness, without twisting events one way or another." Throughout his memoirs it is abundantly evident that Bernal Díaz tried to be fair to all participants: the military leaders, the soldiers, the clergy, the Indians, as well as their Spanish conquerors.

The first Spanish edition was published in Madrid in 1632 and four other printings followed in rapid succession. The first English edition appeared in 1800; German, French, and Hungarian translations later in the century. Without exception all were based upon corruptions and twistings of the original manuscript. No authentic Spanish edition saw the light until 1904, when the work was published under the editorship of Genaro García, a distinguished Mexican scholar. Four years later a complete and reliable translation of the García edition by A. P. Maudslay was brought out in five volumes. Now for the first time an edition has been published in the United States of "The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico, 1517-1521," a one-volume abbreviation of Maudslay's five-volume version.

In addition to Maudslay's learned commentary, the volume includes a translation of pertinent passages from García's introduction and a brief introduction by Professor Irv-

(*Continued on page 34*)

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# The Smoke-Filled Primaries

AS WE get closer to the national election in November we may expect more and more voices to be raised in protest against "the fact that too many decisions are made in smoke-filled rooms by professional politicians and that Mr. Average Man has too little to say about who the candidates are and what the issues shall be. They may decide which of two candidates they want on Election Day. But they do not necessarily provide the decisive vote in determining who shall be the candidates in the first place."

Certainly the problem of extending the decision-making processes of democracy to a larger number of people has not been solved. One recurring outcry is that there should be a national primary—a kind of catch-all national Presidential sweepstakes, in which all who aspire to the Presidency can be entered. Others suggest that at least all states should have some sort of primary in which the voters of each part can express their choice.

The charge, of course, has always been that too many candidates are picked by machine bosses in smoke-filled rooms that in turn produce too many public servants who are beholden to political "insiders" and not directly to the people. I should like to submit, however, that the direct primary is not in itself a cure for all of our current ills.

Let us consider the results of a study we recently did in the State of New York at the request of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. They asked us to find out how a cross section of the potential voters in New York felt about the pre-convention candidacies of Adlai Stevenson, Averell Harriman, and Estes Kefauver for the Democratic nomination—with particular reference to how those people who regarded themselves as Democrats or Independents felt. We made the study and found that among Democrats, only, Adlai Stevenson was the first choice of 58 per cent; Estes Kefauver of 12 per cent; and Averell Harriman of 15 per cent. When the independent voters—and they usually hold the balance of power in New York State—were included among the avowed Democrats percentages changed only as follows: Stevenson 52 per cent, Harriman 15 per cent, Kefauver 14 per cent.

TO some this would seem to be a fairly clear indication that in the State of New York, which has a primary law, Adlai Stevenson would undoubtedly enter the primaries and start off from a preferred position. (Of course, starting off from a preferred position does not always mean winning; we learned in 1948 that candidates have to conduct forceful and intelligent campaigns or sentiment shifts against them. In 1954 Harriman started behind Ives but finished ahead.) But I am told by those who profess to know that unless there are some developments unforeseen at this time Adlai Stevenson will not even enter the New York primaries. The question naturally occurs, "Why?" and the answer is very simple. He probably won't enter the primaries (unless there are developments unforeseen at the moment) because he probably couldn't win in the primaries, despite the fact that an overwhelming percentage of the Democrats and Independents prefer him as their candidate. The reason he probably couldn't win in the primaries is that practically no one takes the trouble to vote in primaries. And while the New York primary law is not as clear-cut as California, where the candidates name appears on the ballot, nonetheless it is as clear as some other states. Certainly it is a more direct law than in some states where delegates are selected in conventions, and where there is no direct or indirect primary at all. So, here is a state with a law for which many ardent democrats are clamoring in other states, and here is clear-cut evidence of early preference by the rank-and-file voter, and yet there seems to be agreement among the knowledgeable politicians that a primary race would probably not be successful for the man that three out of four Democrats prefer.

The answer to this seeming paradox is really quite simple. The people who turn up at the primaries are generally those who are enthusiastic adherents of the regular party machinery. The enthusiastic adherents of the regular party machinery in New York are people who have a respect for and are responsive to Carmine De Sapio. Carmine De Sapio believes that Averell Harriman would make a better Democratic candidate for President than Stevenson, and the chances are that most of the people who would show up at the primaries would agree with him.

I imagine there are those who will say that if I am right in this all it means is that even in a state where we have the "democratic principle of primaries" somehow or other the "bosses" are always there to circumvent the will of the average man. I should like to suggest, however, that maybe what it means is that Mr. Carmine De Sapio and all of the other so-called "bosses" ought to have a vote of gratitude from the American public. Apparently if *they* weren't interested *nobody* would show up at the primaries, and this much advertised way of giving political control to the average man would lapse into a state of total innocuous desuetude. The primary law alone is not the cure-all some would make of it. It is only meaningful, apparently, when reinforced by shoe leather used in abundance to get people actually to express their choice. —E. R.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**EASTMAN VS. MacIVER**

I WONDER IF you would grant me space to correct a very flagrant, and yet highly placed, misrepresentation of my most earnest opinions. In his book "Academic Freedom in Our Time" Professor Robert MacIver attributes to me a repudiation of the principle of academic freedom, a principle which I have always defended, and will defend, to the last ditch. He also attributes to me a wish to substitute indoctrination for enlightenment, and an endorsement of William F. Buckley's proposal, in his book "God and Man at Yale," that the alumni of a college should control its teaching staff. The ground Professor MacIver offers for these false attributions is a review of Mr. Buckley's book that I published in the *American Mercury* (December 1951). And here is what I said in that review:

"Mr. Buckley's book certainly won't do for Yale what he wants it to, and that is a good thing. For his inexperience really becomes dangerous when he begins to suggest remedies. He wants to replace the collectivist indoctrination with a counter-indoctrination. He doesn't call it by that name; he calls it 'value inculcation'; but it comes to the same thing. I share the opinion of Mr. Buckley that individualism is dying, not only at Yale but all over the country, and dying at the hands of Bigger and Bigger Government. And I want to do something about it. But I don't think the thing to do is to narrow the sphere of academic freedom. Least of all do I think it should be narrowed, as Mr. Buckley suggests, by action of the Yale alumni. I can't imagine anything that would botch up the business both of education and research more completely than a march on New Haven by the Yale alumni."

In view of this, what are we to think of Professor MacIver's statement: "The type of alumni control advocated by Mr. Eastman and Mr. Buckley would put indoctrination first, with enlightenment a poor second" (page 110).

The manner in which Professor MacIver made this falsification of my views plausible was this: "Let us listen," he wrote, "to Max Eastman *upholding* the new definition of academic freedom" (my italics). And then he quoted the initial sentences of my review, in which I stated objectively, *before criticizing it*, what Buckley's thesis was. My criticism, which followed promptly (as quoted above), he ignored.

I must remark that I admire Bill Buckley and, like others, I found many brilliant and good things in his youthful book. I am glad to have that fact recalled. But it puzzles me to know why I should be dragged suddenly up into the discussion of another man's book merely because I happened to write a brief review of it in the *American Mercury*. Hundreds of reviews of "God and Man at Yale," both favorable and unfavorable, appeared all over the country. And, having been dragged up so gratuitously, why should my views be exactly and ruthlessly falsified? Is the purpose perhaps to destroy the force of my long-continued insistence that the principle of academic freedom does *not* give teachers the right to join or support a conspiracy to overthrow our Government and end all our freedoms?

A half-conscious purpose of this kind explains much of the unfairness and lack of objectivity manifested by the ritual liberals toward those concerned with a downright defense of freedom. I can think of no other reason for such a lapse of scholarship in a noted scholar—or such personally injurious behavior in a man who is my summertime neighbor and with whom I have always had the most friendly relations.

I think Professor MacIver owes me an explanation if not an apology.

MAX EASTMAN.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. MacIver replies: "Mr. Eastman complains that I gratuitously dragged him into my discussion of Mr. Buckley's book. And he makes the devious, if not slanderous, insinuation that I may have done so in order to attack through him the principle that teachers have no right to join a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. Anyone who knows me and who has read my book on academic freedom or other works of mine must know that I have consistently, and always, been a severe opponent of Marxist and Communist doctrine on this and other matters. I introduced Mr. Eastman into the argument because he had given 'high praise'—his own words—to Mr. Buckley's book and that indeed he was the only one I knew of his standing who had done so. It was to me an unhappy indication of our times.*

*"It was the more so because I believe Mr. Eastman really thinks he is a defender of academic freedom, really believes in it himself, in spite of his recent associations. Even the worst enemies of academic freedom give it lip service, but Mr. Eastman's case is different. Surely his right hand does not know what his left hand is doing. If it did, could he have characterized Mr. Buckleys book attacking this freedom as 'brilliant, sincere, well-informed, keenly reasoned, and exciting to read.' Could he have expressed the confident hope and belief that it would lead the administration of Yale University to do something about it? Could he have hailed as a 'most original and challenging idea' Mr. Buckley's thesis that in the area of teaching 'essential freedom is the freedom of the customer to buy what he wants in the marketplace'? Incidentally, there was in Mr. Eastman's review no critique of the validity of this thesis, only certain objections to the manner in which it was applied.*

*"When we speak of alumni control, by the way, no sane person means action by the whole body of alumni, that great inchoate array of graduates maturing over a period of some fifty years. It can mean only control by alumni representation on governing boards or the effective pressure of organized alumni groups.*

*"Mr. Eastman does not want the Yale alumni to take action, and he does not want indoctrination in our universities. So far, so very good. But he does want action at Yale, action on the part of the administration. It is the implications of this statement that disturb me. Mr. Buckley and Mr. Eastman are agreed that Yale teaching is weighted against their* laissez-faire *principles. Mr. Buckley, with Mr.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We've just discovered Vinland!"

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*Eastman's approval, freely assails as statists, collectivists, or socialists a number of Yale teachers. He calls them so on grounds that in the judgment of a great many qualified people seem totally inadequate. He wants the administration to restore the kind of balance he thinks desirable—in other words to add to the teaching staff more* laissez-fairists *(or to remove some 'collectivists'). Any such action would be a flagrant rejection of the judgment of the faculty and would mean that the teaching staff was no longer free to use its own judgment in the nomination of teaching appointments. It would be a negation of the principle of academic freedom.*

*"Moreover, anyone who is familiar with the methods and standards of any great university knows that the administration —if by that term we mean the president and his administrative associates—would never resort to such action. Max Eastman surely knows it—in earlier years he was himself on the staff of a great university. And he enlists with those who are seeking to bring pressure on educational institutions. Does he or does he not believe that the 'consumers' of the 'products' should at some point determine the doctrines that are taught in them? Or does he take the alternative view that the teaching profession in institutions of higher learning should be free to direct and develop their instruction on the basis of their corporate capacity so to do? If he takes the second alternative and rejects the first, then my statement concerning his position was a mistaken inference, and I shall be very happy to retract it."*

### SOME EVACUATION BETTER THAN NONE

N. C.'s ACTIVE SUPPORT of the President's program for total inspection of armaments ["Letter to Administrator Peterson," *SR* Oct. 22, 1955] will materially assist in getting the facts to the many influential readers of *The Saturday Review*.

He states that . . . "no plan exists or is likely to exist that is either workable or feasible. . . ." It strikes me that there is hidden in that statement an assumption that an absolute test may be applied to civil defense—that there is a hard criterion of success or failure. Traditionally this has been true of military defense. A defense was successful if it repulsed an attack. The objective of civil defense, however, is to minimize casualties and damage. It would be unrealistic to set as a civil-defense objective the prevention of *all* casualties and damage.

I ask myself, therefore, whether there are things that we can plan against the awful prospect of nuclear attack that will improve the chance of survival of our citizens. I can see a great many promising measures which are likely to bring about a significant improvement in those chances, and I suggest that such things are worth doing.

Fortunately, we do not have to choose between working for peace and building a civil defense. They are objectives to which it is possible to be passionately dedicated at the same time. Since we have not the slightest difference of view about the critical, unprecedented importance of maintaining peace, I should like to devote the balance of this letter to some discussion of factors that seem to me important in making up our minds about the civil-defense problem and program.

Civil defense is a national problem, but the ultimate solutions lie in applying the principles of survival at the local level. The New York problem is different from the Los Angeles problem; the Detroit problem differs from the Chicago problem.

An effective civil-defense program depends largely upon the individual and family. Basically, there are only two courses of action open to the individual: take cover or disperse.

Within the radius of anticipated total destruction evacuation is clearly indicated since shelter offers little hope of effective protection. In the areas of anticipated light damage I have repeatedly recommended shelter as offering real hope of survival. We are currently launching a number of survival studies, in cooperation with the states and cities, to discover for each critical target city the optimum combination of evacuation and shelter.

I certainly agree that test evacuations are necessary. In fact, a program of such tests is well underway. More than thirty cities already have undertaken evacuation tests to help us get better data on the many problems involved. It is true that we have not yet attempted a test evacuation of one of our large metropolitan centers, but such tests are planned for the future. It is important, I feel, that a plan, rather than simply an unplanned capability for movement, be tested. The development of an evacuation plan takes time and careful thought.

It was with a view to developing guidelines for the preparation of such plans that we engaged traffic and highway engineers last year to develop the traffic aspects of an evacuation plan for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As far as I know, this was the first undertaking of its kind in the world. The final sentence of one of the reports illustrates very well the point I referred to above, with respect to *improvement* of survival chances: "Any evacuation is better than no evacuation." Copies of the report have been made available to civil-defense planners in other states and target cities.

We are aware that evacuation is not a panacea, nor have we proposed it as such. In fact, there may be some cities where it is only a part of the answer, or not an answer at all. We have had enough speculation as to its feasibility. We need the facts, and our current activities, therefore, include a careful study of major metropolitan areas to determine the best individual solutions.

Evacuation is a plan for the future. No major city in America could conduct a reasonably orderly evacuation today, but by the time our radar networks are augmented to offer hope of more nearly adequate warning time our tested plans should be sufficiently advanced to permit us to use it effectively. There will, of course, always be a possibility of surprise attack. But as time goes by and improvements are made in detection systems we can expect that the possibility will be minimized.

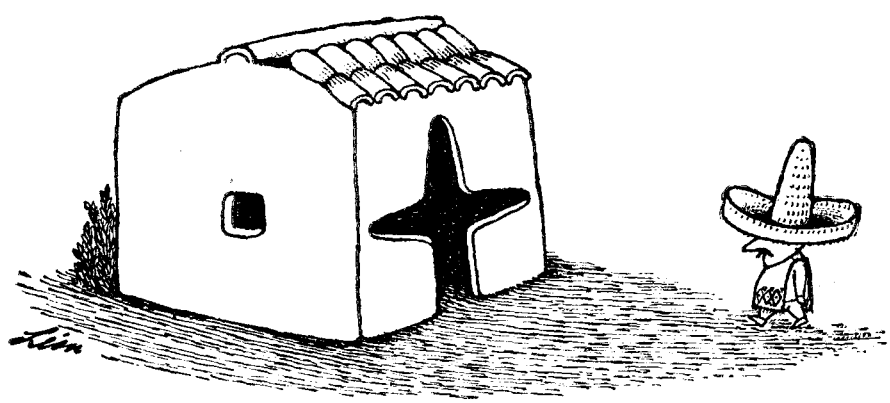
We certainly share N.C.'s view that the only desirable defense against modern weapons is peace. War as it can be waged today is unthinkable for any sane nation. But until we are sure that all nations share our particular brand of sanity we feel strongly that all possible defensive measures must be taken. Civil defense is as much a part of such defensive measures as the retaliatory capability of the Strategic Air Command, or the military defense system of the Continental Air Defense Command. Certainly an unprepared populace invites attack, while a populace prepared in both military and non-military defense offers a much less inviting target.

Every effort must be made to insure peace; the possibilities of war are staggering in their implications for the entire world. But peace must be by mutual agreement and understanding—something that certainly has not been attained as yet. Until we do reach full and enforceable understanding a cooperative effort must be made to prepare for the worst.

So long as any nation has modern weapons and the means of delivering them we will need civil defense—which is simply a program for putting our best efforts into solutions for the defense of our people. When peace is guaranteed and we can afford to disband our military strength, then will we also be able to discard civil defense. I, for one, would welcome that day. Unfortunately, while we in the United States believe a nuclear war unthinkable, we cannot today find security in an assumption that all other nations share that view.

VAL PETERSON.
*Federal Civil Defense Administrator.*

Washington, D. C.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Strindberg Without Tears

PROBABLY no playwright has been so underrated and neglected in America as August Strindberg. This Swedish dramatist of the late nineteenth century was by the late Eugene O'Neill's own admission a greater influence on his work than Ibsen, and Tennessee Williams seems very close to Strindberg. In a commendable effort to remind us how astoundingly modern this great writer is, the Phoenix Theatre is presenting **"Miss Julie,"** plus a curtain-raiser titled **"The Stronger."**

The latter play is a dialogue between a wife and her husband's mistress in which the mistress speaks not one word. The wife begins casually as she shows her friend the Christmas presents she has bought her husband and children. But during the course of her conversation she suddenly puts two-and-two together and realizes that her friend has been her husband's lover all along. What is worse, the husband has inflicted his mistress's superior tastes and habits on his wife. But this victory must inevitably fade into defeat; the wife wins all the material benefits. As played by Ruth Ford the wife emerges as a gossipy, insensitive woman. This interpretation makes clear the contrast between the materialism Strindberg finds typical of wives and the sensitivity and beauty of the mistress. While Miss Ford's lack of shock when she discovers the truth is not very dramatic, it is true to the shallowness of the character. Viveca Lindfors does some masterful acting as the other woman. Responding silently to someone else's lines onstage is far more difficult than saying lines of one's own. And Miss Lindfors, in suppressing the torrent of words Strindberg has deliberately not written for this character, is able to emanate both immense strength and a deep bittersweet sadness.

IN "MISS JULIE" Strindberg has written a "Midsummer Night's Nightmare," a turning outward of the physically destructive forces that gnaw at us within. While the author's fascinating introduction, which can be found in "Six Plays by Strindberg" (Anchor Books, $1.25), explains the forces let loose during the play, adapter-director George Tabori has used an approach of his own. His Miss Julie is not so much a man-hater seduced by a sadistic servant as she is a neurotic, aristocratic child who destroys herself by seducing a nineteenth-century Stanley Kowalski. The point of the play now seems to be that once a woman of the upper-class abandons herself to a sexuality that cannot be gratified by the overrefined members of her own class she must resign herself to living in dishonor. She can either degenerate to the coarseness of people whose sense of values she does not respect, or she can retain her own sense of dignity through suicide. To this violent duet Strindberg has added a cook who represents what later turned up in Shaw under the name of "middle-class morality."

As Miss Julie, Viveca Lindfors gives a perceptive and sexually charged performance that never loses its sense of innate nobility. However, her portrayal of Miss Julie as a weak woman caught in the forces around her inhibits her use of the more terror-striking emotional responses. She plays almost no notes between the middle of the scale and high C, and doesn't move us as much emotionally as she does intellectually. James Daly contributes a strong performance as Jean, avoiding throughout the temptations to make the character crafty. His "Love is a game to be played after work. We don't have all day and all night like you" hurls a rugged accusation at the leisure class. Ruth Ford's carryings-on as the cook make an amusing burlesque, and Jamie Smith and Laurinda Barrett are briefly effective as they lead a band of lusty revelers in Dionysian rites that both mock and celebrate what is happening in the adjacent bedroom.

Mr. Tabori has shown taste and inventiveness in his direction. Miss Julie's knocking over of the clothes-tree that symbolizes Jean's awe of his upper-class master is a nice touch as is the more humorous moment when Jean sloshes some strong-smelling kerosene under his armpits when he should be in the most romantic transport of ecstasy. Alvin Colts's wonderfully simple set with its projected background catches poetically the ripeness of the situation.

The result of this Strindberg double bill is a tasteful and lucid insight into a great modern playwright, whose works are either too seldom presented here or when they are usually become the occasion for some conventional and meaningless overacting.

—HENRY HEWES.


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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

## Sir Laurence and the Bard

FOR the third time Sir Laurence Olivier had addressed himself to what is, beyond any doubt, the most difficult of all film assignments, the translation of the poetic drama of Shakespeare into the overwhelmingly realistic motion-picture medium. And to say that in **"Richard III"** (Lopert Films) he has succeeded admirably suggests less the extent of his achievement than the magnitude of the problem itself. Preparing a film version of Shakespeare is far more than a matter of building characterizations or making textual ellisions and emendations; the theatre director must do that too. But to bring alive the patterns of Shakespearean speech, the conventions of Elizabethan drama and action conceived in theatrical terms upon a two-dimensional rectangle that has its own laws and conventions—this is a formidable task. Olivier brings to it, above all else, a keen intelligence, an ability to think through the words of Shakespeare to a vivid, visual setting for them, and a deep feeling for the poetry itself, for the music of the lines, that is reflected not only in his own readings but also in the superb casts he has always gathered around himself. The credit sheets for "Richard III," headed by John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Claire Bloom, Alec Clunes, and Cedric Hardwicke, read like an honor roll of the British theatre.

And so let it be said first of this "Richard III" that the poetry is there—in the rich, melancholy tones of Gielgud's Clarence, in Richardson's dulcet, scheming Buckingham, in Claire Bloom's distraught innocence as Lady Anne, even in the sardonic, rasping voice that Olivier has assumed for the title role. Even such minor roles as Norman Wooland's Catesby, Alec Clunes's Hastings, and Helen Haye as the unhappy Duchess of York are handled with rare distinction. Throughout there is the purely sensual pleasure of hearing Shakespeare's lines beautifully spoken. William Walton's music provides an apposite accompaniment to the flow of words, whether punctuating the coronation ceremony with sharp trumpet flourishes or underlining with muted, half-heard woodwinds the evil plans of Richard.

In adapting one of Shakespeare's lesser plays to the screen Olivier has permitted himself considerably more freedom than was possible in either "Henry V" or "Hamlet" and the results are, on the whole, more than justified. The film opens with the final scene from the third part of "King Henry VI," transformed (with both poetic and historic license) into the coronation of Edward IV. Its lines afford a brilliant opportunity to introduce the tangle of relationships and the uneasy atmosphere that pervades the court, the suggestion of factions, veiled discontent, and divided loyalties. Then, the ceremony over, the courtiers depart and Richard limps toward the camera and, speaking straight at the audience, begins "Now is the winter of our discontent. . . ." The effect is startling, as if we are being unexpectedly invited into the confidence of a man so sure of himself that he can afford to reveal his plans. Olivier makes nimble use of this device repeatedly, transforming the awkward asides and soliloquies of the play into bold, cynical comments upon the advancing action. It adds a whole new dimension to the play and to the character.

Much of the later action of the original—the court intrigues, the repeated denunciations—has either been deleted or telescoped, speeding the action along to Bosworth Field and the final clash between Richard and Richmond. Perhaps Olivier might even have cut more deeply in pruning away the devious counterplots that clutter the second half of his film. Missing, though, is Queen Margaret, whose half-mad maledictions served as the bony understructure of Shakespeare's rambling history: the fate of each of the central figures was dictated by her early curse. Missing too, by consequence, is the magnificent scene in which Margaret, Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York, three successive Queens of England, sit upon the ground and mourn together the bloody extinction of their royal lines.

Without Margaret's curses, however, and their implication of divine retribution at work, Olivier's Richard becomes wholly a mental case, a twisted, paranoiac villain driven by a lust for power and, even more basically, by a will to dominate. The former wins for him the crown through devious stratagems and cold-blooded murder. But once he has reached the throne, once the golden round sits upon his brow, he quickly realizes that power alone is not what satisfies him. There is a marvelous, mystic

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moment during Richard's coronation when everything is stilled and the fruition of all his evil plans seems to bring an instant of pure contentment to his warped soul. Then Lady Anne, his wife, faints in the next room and Richard is brought back to reality, back to his need to force his will on others and others to his will. By scornfully denying Buckingham, the henchman of all his crimes, his promised share in the hard-won booty—"I am not in the giving vein today"—Richard commits what can only be interpreted as an act of wilful self-destruction. From that moment on he rushes down the bloody path to doom.

All of this Olivier has imagined with a keen perception for visual effect. The very first image is a slow tilt down from a huge crown that dominates the throne room to the actual coronation of Edward, from which the camera wanders on to Richard's cold, twisted, envious face. Two priests look on through Richard's early plotting with Buckingham in unfeigned, but unspoken, astonishment. Richard's misshapen shadow falls across a scene, hinting eloquently at the villainy that he has set afoot. The staging of Richard's pretended rejection of the crown while Buckingham extols his virtues conveys not only Richard's sardonic hypocrisy but also the people's instinctive distrust of the man. Naturally, the slaughter of the two young Princes in the Tower of London, narrated in the play, is shown in the film. Most effective of all is the final sequence when Richard, whose pennant is The Boar, is unhorsed and run to earth by common foot-soldiers. In a muddy gully they close in on him and hack him to pieces as dogs would tear at a wild animal. Historical accuracy is followed as Richard's body, trussed over a pack horse, is slowly carried off the field of battle.

Curiously, the more obvious cinematic moments prove the least successful. The procession of ghosts that appears to Richard and Richmond on the night before the battle (always awkward in the theatre), now comes to Richard as a series of decidedly unghostly double-exposures. And the battle itself, although executed on the grand scale of "Henry V," remains remote and confused, with lots of soldiers and lots of horses but a lack of identification as to just *whose* soldiers or *whose* horses they are. They swirl across the screen in a series of shots that seem to have been collected at random, generating no mounting tension—and all giving way abruptly to Richard's stumbling entrance shrieking, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

But these are minor defects in a masterful achievement. The imagination and interpretive power that Olivier first displayed in his "Henry V" is now coupled with a firm, sure grasp of film technique. The calculated overstressing of "effects" and directorial touches that dominated and marred his "Hamlet" are now controlled to illuminate and advance the text. Certainly, "Richard III" is not as great a play as either of its predecessors; but from it Olivier has wrought a greater film—a film that constantly intrigues the eye and delights the ear.

—Arthur Knight.

**Olivier and Claire Bloom as Richard and Anne—"the sensual pleasure of Shakespeare."**

# Stage Comments

IN TAILORING "Richard III," one of Shakespeare's most chaotic plays, Sir Laurence Olivier has taken more liberties with the text than he did in either of his two previous Shakespearean films. As Sir Laurence points out, "For a new movie audience, which isn't supposed to realize 'Richard III' is the last of an involved cycle of four historical plays, you must deal with the shape of the plot and the progress of the picture in a new way. By editing and transposing, and just plain horsing around, you have to get the story flowing."

**TEXTUAL:** He has changed dozens of words and phrases. Some changes, like "raze our helms" to "chop off our heads," are simply for the purpose of making archaic phrases intelligible to contemporary audiences. Others try to make the puzzling swarm of identities clearer by replacing "My Lady Grey" with "Our upstart queen," etc. Perhaps none of these will startle the Shakespearean scholars as much as his replacement of the corpse of Henry VI with the corpse of Henry's son Edward. Perhaps it is more significant for Richard to win his Anne over her husband's corpse than her father's.

Not only has "Henry VI" supplied the coronation scene which begins the film, but generous chunks of Richard's third-act soliloquy in that play have been inserted into the movie. British tradition also lends the film a "God save King Richard! May the King live forever!" And Colley Cibber contributes some of his famous eighteenth-century amendments. "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" and the facetiously-spoken "Richard's himself again" are Cibber inventions.

**CUTS:** Since long speeches tend to fatigue the moviegoer, who expects a flow of motion, Sir Laurence has eliminated the cursing Queen Margaret, who had the fourth longest role in the play. The third longest role, that of Queen Elizabeth, has been greatly diminished. Of the other big roles Richmond has shrunk most drastically.

The number of ghosts who appear in Richard's pre-battle nightmare has been reduced from ten to four. And out is his long speech of remorse and terror that follows the dream. This deletion leaves Richard as unrelenting a villain as Iago; yet such an interpretation is consistent with the inhuman snake Olivier portrays throughout, and in general the cuts have the happy effect of simplifying the play. In the theatre a man's eye is free to wander; more complexity and number of background elements are possible. In a

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movie-house the eye is committed, and we must never get away for long from the foreground characters.

**VISUAL EXPLOITS:** Olivier felt that it was a safe-ish rule to imagine that he was illustrating Shakespeare. Thus Jane Shore, not in the play at all, has been given a mute role in the film. We see her both as Edward IV's mistress, caressing him on his deathbed behind the back of the Queen, and later in Hastings's arms. In addition, the film does several things that would either be difficult or impossible to do onstage. There is the juicy dumping of Clarence's body into a huge cask of wine. Then we are shown the blood on the axe that has decapitated Hastings, followed by a shot of a wet rag thrown in a doorway, an exciting transition.

While the literal Battle of Bosworth Field is an interesting study of fifteenth-century fighting techniques impossible for the stage, two earlier uses of motion-picture devices seem even cleverer. In the wooing of Anne the camera closeups enable us to see clearly the victory of sexual power. And nothing in the film is more memorable than the moment when the young prince jokes on Richard's deformity and the camera, the lighting, and the music reveal the horror of the smiling hunchback suddenly stung. The lad and the audience cringe away from Richard's hate-filled gaze.

**PERFORMANCES:** Olivier's stage production of "Richard III" is considered in England to be his greatest performance. While one inevitably misses the actuality, the mounting terror that would attend the play done on a stage, Sir Laurence's unorthodox delivery, with its beautifully-timed pauses, bursts of sustained emotion, and emphases on key verbs, carries with it an uncanny sense of responding to a live audience very rare in movie stars. He has learned how to break up soliloquies by moving away from a camera close-up to a shouting long-shot with his back to the audience. For those curious as to the sources of his interpretation, Sir Laurence has admitted patterning his speech after imitations he has heard of Sir Henry Irving, and his looks and character after the highly irascible Broadway director Jed Harris, with a touch of Francis I of France.

And then there is the great cast —Gielgud, Richardson, etc.—which could never have been assembled in one theatre at one time. These are the great English actors of our century, and they give "Richard III" a quality that brings the moviegoer very close to the rich experience of real theatre.

—Henry Hewes.

# TV Comments

THE money involved in the TV presentation of "Richard III" is relatively an unimportant factor, except to those who give it and (more blessed, perhaps, for once) those who receive. *Life* magazine reports that NBC is paying $500,000 for the right to use the film once, several hours before its first run opens in a New York theatre, and *The New York Times* reports that General Motors will pay NBC between $350,000 and $400,000 to sponsor the event. As the film runs two hours the cost per hour is not wildly out of line.

The sheer bulk of $500,000, which is certainly the highest price ever paid for a single entertainment, and for which both "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific" could have been produced, obscures the real interest of the experiment. Success has to be defined carefully in this connection because it can be fourfold. NBC can get its investment back (in cash from G.M. plus prestige), G.M. can gets its investment back in sales and prestige, and the makers of the movie are guaranteed a huge slice of their costs. The uncertainty is the future course of the movie. If in spite or because of the TV showing it attracts good audiences the exhibitors will be pacified and we may expect first showings of other, less spectacular films to follow. If relative failure at the box office can be attributed to the TV showing, the now merging lines of television and Hollywood will diverge. We will return to the status of some years ago—competition.

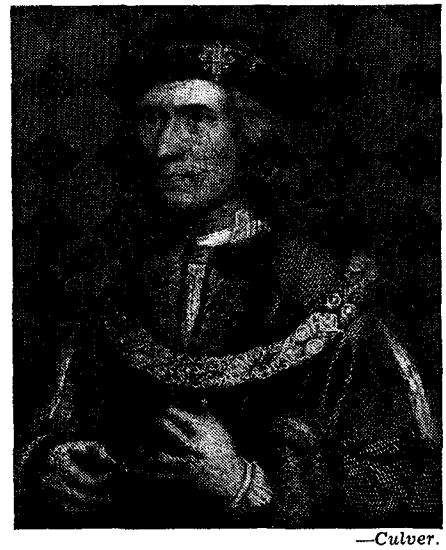
The most interesting speculation is on the effects of a complete success for the picture. One consequence may be that Hollywood will be thinking of TV openings and consequently of TV requirements when films are planned—and this would be a counterweight to the present absorption in wide spaces and simulated three-dimensional effects. We might witness the parallel creation of two kinds of movies, one for the large screen, one for the small.

The consequences for television are more complex—and more serious. First-showing movies of certain types could take the place of the less skilful "live" spectaculars. The simpler hour-long dramatic movie, destined for theatrical showing but available for the TV screen, would cut into the production of one of the most respected of television forms—the once-a-week unconnected series of plays.

Taken in connection with recent events in television an all-round success for "Richard III" could mean a further drop in "live" production. Already ABC is presenting two series of feature films and a third is scheduled to start, using 135 pictures produced by the J. Arthur Rank organization. This is the only network film operation. Locally, the afternoons and early and late evenings are largely devoted to films, and one station in New York runs the same picture over and over and over again, hour after hour, while another shows the same one day after day. With variations other cities have the same general pattern.

It is too early to come to conclusions about this development. It is not too late to remember that TV stations are compelled by law to operate "in the public interest" and that reducing themselves to transmitters of film may not be a complete definition of that ambiguous phrase. TV is a whole new special art form, with new and different powers over the attention and convictions of its audience—even with, perhaps, a new audience — and it should devote itself at least most of the time to evolving its own new styles and distinctions.

—Gilbert Seldes.



—*Culver.*

**THE HISTORICAL HERO:** A society has even been formed to convince the world that the last chief of the House of York was not the monster Shakespeare—following the tradition of Tudor apologists like Sir Thomas More—drew him to be. Richard of Gloucester (1452-1485) was, for example, always popular in those counties where his personal estates lay; his loyalty to his brother, Edward IV, was unquestioned; he loved his wife and son; he was an energetic and courageous ruler. His main fault seems to have been a passionate suspicion of everyone, which soon left him without useful friends. But in 1934 a Dr. W. Wright concluded from a medical examination of the bones of the two young princes, found in an urn in the walls of the Tower of London in 1674, that "their ages were such . . . that their deaths [must have] occurred during the reign of their uncle Richard III." Since then the burden of proof has been on those who want to clear Richard of this direst charge—the murders of his royal nephews.

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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Magic Mozart, "Magic Flute"—Barioni

AFTER almost as many tribulations as beset the hero of the opera itself Bruno Walter finally brought forth a "Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan which will be remembered—musically—as one of the notable happenings of the composer's bicentennial celebration. New York's music lovers are presently profiting from Walter's decision to concentrate his Mozart year activities here, but the participants in the largely youthful cast should be giving thanks for years to come.

For the most part they acted as if they realized as much. Obviously picked to provide as harmonious a blend of sounds as the theatre affords (keeping in mind the requirements of the English text), the cast ended up by being not merely all-American but predominantly Californian. Along with oversized avocados and 3-D films, California must now be regarded as a major source of operatic talent. Among those born or reared there, musically, were Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, George London, Lucine Amara, and Brian Sullivan.

The pride of place to Uppman is no accident, for he handled the vocal requirements of his role with practised assurance, while offering a dramatic impersonation alternately foolish and touching, but always appealing. Since Papageno is very much the humane heart of this sometimes unduly symbolic affair, it is a matter of some moment that he be convincing. This Uppman was, whether as braggart or craven, the romantic one longing for a Papagena or the prosaic one primarily interested in his next meal. His voice and the music are eminently compatible, and with a few more performances under his feathered belt he is apt to be a comic delight. How much his conception owes to John Brownlee's is arguable, but the new bird-catcher is an honorable successor to the worthy old.

Hines used his voice and bearing to effective ends as Sarastro, London gave weight to the vital if limited part of the High Priest, and Roberta Peters worked diligently at the requirements of the Queen of the Night. It was done within the dynamic limitations of her voice, further limited, no doubt, by the indisposition which caused her to miss the dress rehearsal. But at best it is not likely she would be more than a rhinestone kind of gem in this diadem. One could hear an effort to broaden some effects for more dramatic emphasis, but it is not hers to give. Whose it is, other than Maria Callas's, I couldn't say. Given such a Queen of the Night, Peters might have been a historically fine Papagena; in this cast Laurel Hurely was a pert, assured, and not particularly consequential one.

As a well-wisher for Lucine Amara, I have no hesitation in recognizing the serious effort she applied to her Pamina, the amount of thought and musical care evident in her singing of the part. But Pamina is one of those roles in which a performer, for real believability, must make an impression even before she sings a note. This Miss Amara did not do. What followed was in every way commendable, if neither distinguished nor absorbing. As for Brian Sullivan's Tamino, it had the regal bearing of a lifeguard. Most of the time he sang with too much voice, of not the right texture; when he restrained it to charm the picturesque animals with his voicing of the music of the magical flute all was well—but not for long.

As those acquainted with it are aware, there are no unimportant parts in "Magic Flute." Almost all the smaller roles were well done, including the Three Ladies, admirably led by Heidi Krall and further supported by Madelaine Chambers (debut) and Sondra Warfield. The Three Boys (described in this program as Genii) also made a pretty sound together, to the credit of Emilia Cundari, Rosalind Elias, and Margaret Roggero. (The unbecoming costumes worn by all six is another matter.) Paul Franke was a first-rate Monostatos; James McCracken and Osie Hawkins (Priests) Albert da Cost and Louis Sgarro (Guards) were also suitable.

Admittedly "Magic Flute" is one of the repertory's most challenging assignments for a designer, and Harry Horner did not produce anything of triumphant appeal. Occupying the middle of all middle grounds, it utilizes projected backgrounds (designed by Leo Kerz) to some advantage. On the scale required for this theatre the edges of the images lost definition. It attempts some literal likenesses of the Egyptian background, mostly with limited success. It comes back at certain points in Act II to classical Mozartian rolling scenery, quite pleasant in its Rollerish way, but unrelated to what precedes and follows. Herbert Graf's direction concentrated on the essentials possible within this framework, the outcome being a potpourri rather than an entity. On the whole it worked, no small feat in a "Flute."

What worked best was the magic of Mozart, artfully willed into existence by Walter. Among the varied treatments possible, Walter's tended to the evocative and "emotional," with a good deal of vigor mingled with a real reluctance to let even one phrase get away from the caressing hand. Others might emphasize the solemnity of the offstage brass or the supernatural overtones. Walter gave discreet weight to these, while leaving little doubt that the insinuating tinkle of the *Glockenspiel* conveyed more of the magic in this "Magic Flute" than a whole brass choir.

DANIELE BARIONI, a young Italian tenor announced for a debut a week ago in "Boheme," suddenly canceled when it became necessary for him to record as a "Metropolitan artist" even before he made that debut, was introduced as suddenly in a recent "Tosca" in place of Giuseppe Campora. At the appointed time Barioni, slim and good-looking in a suitably Latin way, walked through the door of the first-act set with no audience reaction to speak of. When he finished singing "Recondita Armonia" some five minutes later the audience let loose with a spontaneous reaction not often equaled of late.

At this time the strong voice and appealing looks are his primary qualifications, plus an intensity of manner that rode roughshod over dramatic niceties. He comes to the Met at twenty-six, approximately at the time of life that Giuseppe de Stefano did in 1948. Let us hope he steers a surer course relative to his vocal star than that other gifted, if not too stable, artist.

This was otherwise a "Tosca" in the strong Mitropoulos mold, affected by the circumstances that the Tosca and Scarpia were neither Tebaldi and Warren, nor Milanov and Gobbi—with whom he had previously rehearsed and worked—but Delia Rigal and George London. Rigal has more command of her voice than in the past, but the sound is not endearing, the dramatic projection unconvincing. London's Scarpia has much that is impelling, but a lot, too, that is crudely physical rather than intellectually subtle. Later in the week Barioni sang a Rodolfo in "Boheme" of similarly frank appeal, though a couple of climaxes were clouded by vocal ineptitude.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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# Books for Young People

—"The Long Hike."

THE Thomas Alva Edison Foundation recently inaugurated a series of awards, to be made annually, in the area of the mass media for youth: films, radio, and TV; children's books; and comic books. On February 6 the first of the awards to children's books were announced. The award for the best children's book for character development for younger children was presented to "His Indian Brother," by Hazel Wilson (Abingdon); for the best children's science book to "The Boy Scientist," by John Lewellen (Simon & Schuster); and for the youth book best portraying America's past to "The Buffalo Trace," by Virginia S. Eifert (Dodd, Mead).

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Supervisor, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Nancy Jane Day, School Library Superivsor, State Department of Education, Columbia, S.C.; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, Children's Literature Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Elizabeth O. Williams, Chief, Library and Textbook Division, Board of Education, Los Angeles, Cal. —Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

**THE LONG HIKE.** *By Dorothy Ivens. Viking Press.* $2. Two young children started out to the river for a picnic and swim but, as children will, they loitered along the way to climb a tree, to walk a fence, to watch a colt playing in the meadow, and to eat most of the picnic. They reached the river, where their older cousin was awaiting them, as the noon whistle blew and so turned around and ran home just in time for lunch.

Full-page drawings washed in with soft fresh green give a springlike quality to this story that so truly catches the spirit of children adventuring on their own. —F. L. S.

**THE GLASS SLIPPER.** *By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Viking Press.* $2.75. Miss Farjeon took the old story of Cinderella and embellished the outline with her own kind of poetic imagination. The result is an English Christmas pantomime, "The Glass Slipper." In this book she has used her fairy godmother's wand to change the play into a delightful novel, keeping all of the poetry, imagination, color, and humor found in the original tale and in her play. "The Glass Slipper" has emerged as a charming love story which will be welcomed by girls who liked the author's "Silver Curlew" and who are constantly seeking "a good romance story." Ernest Shepard's characteristic pictures have strengthened the fairy-tale quality of the world's favorite fairy tale.

—Augusta Baker.

**KNIGHT'S CASTLE.** *By Edgar Eager. Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. An ancient toy Crusader is the talisman which thrusts four children out of their play with toy soldiers, a castle, a doll's house, and dolls into a world peopled chiefly by characters from "Ivanhoe." Scott's creations have been refined and modernized by the imagination of the children, and their conversation is a marvelous mixture of language borrowed from Scott and Howard Pyle and liberally enlivened by modern idiom. This is a delicious spoof which can be enjoyed on more than one level. It has validity as a fairy tale for those who have never read "Ivanhoe" and as a nonsense story for those who have. The parents of the children were the heroes of "Half Magic," the author's first book.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

**A BEAST CALLED AN ELEPHANT.** *By Phil Stong. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. This is the story of Old Bet, the first elephant imported to America about a hundred and fifty years ago. The story concerns a neighborhood feud when Old Bet appeared in a one-elephant show and the neighbors, fearing the town was becoming a Godless city, passed a law that Old Bet could emerge from cover only in the dark of the night. Peace was restored when Old Bet was invited to appear in full regalia in the Fourth of July parade in a nearby town. Again Phil Stong and Kurt Wiese have collaborated in an amusing tale with lively text and humorous drawings.—Elizabeth O. Williams.

—*From "Knight's Castle."*

**". . . a delicious spoof."**

**THE EXPLOITS OF XENOPHON.** *By Geoffrey Household. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Random House.* $1.50. Four hundred years before the birth of Christ an army of Greek mercenaries were trapped in the heart of the spreading Persian empire. The "Anabasis" is the account by a young Greek officer, Xenophon, of their orderly and disciplined retreat through a thousand miles of enemy territory. For centuries the "Anabasis" has been the model of a soldier's description of a military campaign. Now boys can enjoy Xenophon's exciting adventures by reading Geoffrey Household's shortened, colloquial version, which retains the spirit of the original and is as lively and immediate in its interest as the memoirs of a contemporary soldier. For boys twelve years old and up. —A. O'B. M

**100 POEMS ABOUT PEOPLE.** *Selected by Elinor Parker. Illustrated by Ismar David. Crowell.* $3. You may find your favorite poem in this unique collection of poetry about people, some real, some imaginary, and some legendary. Elinor Parker has made this selection from the finest poets of the past, down through the twentieth century. Here are poems about fair ladies, great heroes and heroines, strange characters in history, and gay children. These will be enjoyed by junior-high-school students and older. Illustrations by Ismar David add beauty and charm to the book. —E. O. W.

**INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE.** *Written and illustrated by Robert Hofsinde (Gray-Wolf). Morrow.* $2.50. Though the spoken languages of the several Indian Nations differ greatly, all tribes use and understand the same sign language. Here Mr. Hofsinde, a blood brother of the Chippewas who last year wrote "The Indian's Secret World," shows how to make the signs for over 500 words. Each sign is described and is accompanied by a

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picture showing exactly how to make it. There is a section on counting and a list of boys' and girls' names. Because the arrangement is by loose relationship of ideas the alphabetic index is necessary. Boys and girls will be fascinated by this book.

—F. L. S.

**HOW TO MAKE A MINIATURE ZOO.** *By Vinson Brown. Illustrated by Don Greame Kelley. Little, Brown.* $2.75. The author of "How to Make a Home Museum" here offers practical suggestions for setting up a miniature zoo. He gives sound advice to the would-be zoo-keeper, cautioning him to start a zoo only if he can make animals happy and comfortable.

Children of ten or older who are interested in animals will find clear and concise instructions and diagrams for miniature zoos of various sizes, indoors and out, temporary or permanent, with information on tools and traps for collecting animals, caging, caring for, and classifying them. A wide variety of small animals is suggested as possible choices.

A bibliography leading to further study and help and an index add to the usefulness of this book.

—Nancy Jane Day.

**YOUTH, YOUTH, YOUTH: Stories of Challenge, Confidence, and Comradeship.** *Selected by Albert B. Tibbets. Franklin Watts.* $3. This is a skilfully selected collection of stories to meet the many age-old problems of youth: the girl friend, dating, growing up and getting along with people, family adjustments, teamwork, and conquering fear. Students in ninth and tenth grades will welcome these dramatic and timely stories. They will identify themselves with the characters in solving their own problems. An excellent book to use in Personal Adjustment classes. —E. O. W.

**MANNERS TO GROW ON.** *By Tina Lee. Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee. Doubleday.* $2.50. This little book is packed full of information about manners for those under twelve. Practical rules for social behavior emphasize consideration for others, kindness, and natural courtesy. Basic rules cover a wide range from how to write a friendly thank-you note, how to introduce young people to each other and to grown-ups, to good manners at the supermarket, riding the escalator, and going through revolving doors. Headings in red and a complete index make it easy to find specific rules on many problems, and clever illustrations along the borders help to clarify the text. —E. O. W.

*—From "The Glass Slipper."*

". . . poetry, imagination, color, humor."

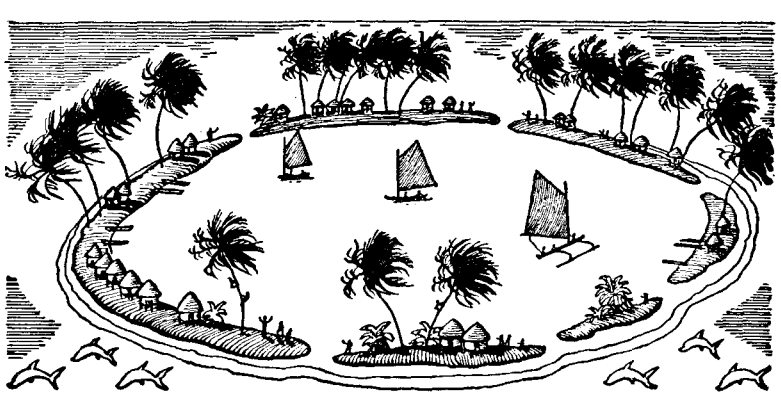
**WALL STREET, THE STORY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.** *By Dorothy Sterling. Photographs by Myron Ehrenberg. Doubleday.* $2.75. "Just as you go to market to buy a hamburger or a dozen oranges, so you can go to market to buy shares in a corporation that manufactures television sets or mines uranium. This is the securities market, which, when it is organized under one roof and closely regulated by law and custom, is called a stock exchange. . . ." In such clear and direct language the history, purpose, and work of the stock exchange are presented. Though written for the nine- to twelve-year-olds, this account will prove useful to anyone desiring an understanding of the way in which the work of the stock exchange is carried on. It is illustrated by photographs of actual operations taken at the New York and the American Stock Exchanges. —N. J. D.

**WILD LIKE THE FOXES, The True Story of an Eskimo Girl.** *By Anauta. John Day.* $2.50. The actual girlhood of the author's mother is the basis for this true story of Alea, an Eskimo girl. Left to the care of her father and brother at her mother's death, Alea grew up as a boy, hunting, fishing, and trapping. She thoroughly enjoyed this life, but there were those who thought she would grow up "wild like the foxes." Home and family life are pictured with a love for and an understanding and appreciation of Labrador itself as well as Eskimo traditions and customs. A story of fine family relationships which junior-high-school girls should enjoy. —N. J. D.

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MATHEMATICS.** *By Lancelot Hogben. Art work by Andre, Charles Keeping, and Kenneth Symonds. Maps by Marjorie Saynor. Garden City Books.* $2.95. Mr. Hogben, author of "Mathematics for the Million," here tells the fascinating story of the science of numbers and of the contributions made to it by ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Chinese, Indians, Greeks, Romans, and medieval and modern man. Always he relates mathematical developments to corresponding progress in society and shows the close relationships between pure mathematics and its application to life. The text is readable and written in non-technical language. Though the book is oversized and profusely illustrated with dramatic colored drawings and maps it is in no sense a picture book, but will be of great interest to older boys and girls and their parents. —F. L. S.

**PACIFIC ISLANDS SPEAKING.** *Written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Macmillan.* $3. Mr. Sperry, who has used the Pacific Islands as background for a number of his stories, gives an interesting factual account of the islands and their people in the belief that "if we understand them a little better we shall discover that beyond the difference of race or color or language these people are only men and women not so different from ourselves." Through these descriptions of their lands and discussions of their history, traditions, and customs young people will gain an appreciation of these people, of the growing strategic importance of the islands, and of the responsibility that has come to the United States for their well being.

Pen drawings reflect the mood and add to the general attractiveness of the book. End-paper maps are useful for locating islands. —N. J. D.



*—From "Pacific Islands Speaking."*

". . . the growing strategic importance of the islands."

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# Fiction

*Continued from page* 14

not doing it," who exercised "a kind of love that can exist without a breath of tenderness." When her characters do what is called wrong they not only grow out of their sins but turn their backs on them, "as most of us do." In all of these stories Miss Warner apparently is saying, as she did in "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," this is what men and women are; I shan't gloss over; take them or leave them: I find them rather amusing and pitiable, just like those who think themselves holier than thou.

Still I believe Miss Warner, like most of her co-writers on *The New Yorker,* is a good deal more moral than she seems. Although she appears to look at her characters with detached amusement and certainly never shudders obviously at their misconduct, one feels there is usually a fundamental morality behind her stories that is based on a realistic recognition of human frailty and a tolerance she hopes she shares with God. She may not believe in the ten commandments but she does believe in the one Christ added. That compassion and humor are not incompatible Miss Warner's stories (and those of her novels that I know) demonstrate.

Miss Warner, like her characters, has limitations. In such stories as "Absalom, My Son" and "At a Monkey's Breast" her good writing never quite focuses. Except in her best stories—"The Children's Grandmother," "Evan," "Emil," "Uncle Blair"—she permits her wit to master her instead of she it. And in this collection at any rate she seems incapable of writing well about more than a small segment of society—the well-educated, the well-born, the well-monied.

But to say this is only to say, rather portentously, that Miss Warner is not the equal of Shakespeare or Thomas Mann or Joyce Cary. She isn't a great writer but she's a good one, quite possibly as good as Elizabeth Bowen and Virginia Woolf, British contemporaries who have more elevated reputations. Most of the time she delights and helps us towards wisdom, and when she does not seem to do so we should wonder if it is she who is at fault.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 663

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 663 will be found in the next issue.*

AODNXKN OA JNNV MA

NUNBXOUR;

AVNNKG OA AGMDDWQ

MA UOYN.

—UGWYMA KMBDRDN.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 662*

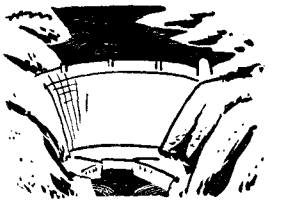
Self-reliance and self-respect are about as valuable commodities as we can carry in our pack through life.

—Luther Burbank.

# Notes

**FARCE IN THE WEHRMACHT:** Hans Helmut Kirst's **"The Revolt of the Gunner Asch"** (Little, Brown, $3.95) is a mildly entertaining story about non-com life in the German army shortly before World War II. When its hero one night finds himself in front of his girl's home with nothing on but a shirt and has to get back into camp in his half-naked state—to refer to one out of a good many such comical episodes—Herr Kirst's considerable talent for farce is evident. Nor is his humor restricted to low comedy; he can be quite witty at times. His story has been compared to the "Good Soldier Schwejk"—rashly it seems to me. But Schwejk was a wise half-wit while Gunner Asch is a smart fellow who jumps with relish through the loopholes of army regulations. In Kirst's story Asch is driven into action when the brutish master sergeant of his outfit starts "giving the works" to one Gunner Virbein and drives the poor wretch to the verge of suicide. All of Asch's well-reasoned maneuvers against the stupid non-com and his smirking cronies come off beautifully, and in the end the C.O. rescues Asch from the wrath of his adversary by simply squashing the whole affair and demoting the torturers. This is a solution which weakens the novel as a story of "revolt" and makes it clear that the novel will be enjoyed chiefly for its straight comedy, together with some love scenes which skilfully mix sex and sentimentality. —Robert Pick.

**ERRANT YOUTHS:** The story of Holger Cahill's **"The Shadow of My Hand"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.95) begins as young Cameron Johnson, who has lately returned from eight years in the Far East (and two wars), rides a work train toward a dam-building project



on the upper Missouri, all the while talking a tough lingo with two companions who are very understanding of such terms as "pushing chaplain's assistant crap," "the window route for mine," and "leg bail"—the latter two of which allude to the act of jumping off the train while it is in motion. Throughout all this one gains the impression that the three passengers may be mistaking the middle 1950s for the early 1930s, for by their reasoning the poor workingman is sure being exploited. But it turns out that Cam is also a young man in search of his soul and that he thinks he may have mislaid it in this particular region of the U.S. when he left home at the age of fourteen. He and his buddies go to work as hired hands for a big wheat farmer named Durham, who is running for Congress (on the Republican ticket, of course), and Cam meets Durham's sister-in-law, a girl named Millie with whom he has a very lyrical form of sexual intercourse and a great many conversations about the meaning of life. The basic conflict in the novel then becomes the one between Cam and Durham for possession of Millie.

The real trouble with Mr. Cahill's book is that almost everything in it is heightened ten degrees above reality and that its prose style seems to be deliberately designed to obscure, not reveal, character and event. Certainly Mr. Cahill is not without writing talent. This becomes fully apparent in his descriptions of landscapes, weather, and the *feel* of farming. He might even write a great novel some day if he would only content himself with writing a simple story in clear prose. As things stand, "The Shadow of My Hand" is the kind of bad novel that great novelists sometimes write—early in their careers.

—Kenneth S. Davis.

**BRITISH THRILLER:** For at least a century the personal columns of London newspapers have provided English writers with innumerable mystery stories, real or contrived, and the old device has rarely been used to better advantage than in J. M. Scott's **"Sea-Wyf"** (Dutton, $3.50). The first announcement appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* in March 1951. "SEA-WYF," it read, "am certain you are alive. Are you afraid of the past or of me? BISCUIT." Then another figure stepped into the mystery. "BISCUIT," read this one's

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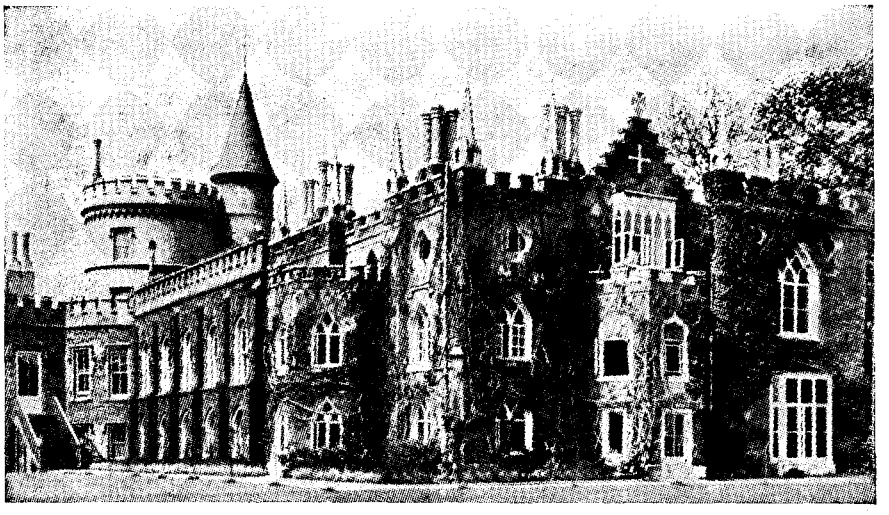
message. "Do not know Sea-Wyf's whereabouts, but we three are alive and useful. Why resurrect Noah's Ark and Number Four? BULLDOG." By this time thousands of readers were discussing Biscuit, Bulldog, and Sea-Wyf, including three yachtsmen, one of whom was an amateur writer who was determined to find in Sea-Wyf the heroine of the novel he hoped to write. The first step of the mystery is solved when the yachtsman-writer meets Biscuit and Bulldog in a castle in the Scottish highlands and learns of their common experiences as the survivors of a torpedoed ship of refugees escaping from Singapore in 1942. He also learns of the character named Number Four, a huge, dark Malayan who hated the two white male survivors and pursued the one white girl, a beautiful creature who came to be known as Sea-Wyf. It would not be fair to the reader of this tempestuous and absorbing book to reveal any more of the secret, but Mr. Scott manages with astonishing dexterity to sustain the suspense to the last sentence, an accomplishment which proves that he is one of England's best storytellers. —HARRISON SMITH.

**WHIMSICAL UNDERWORLD:** According to Charles Terrot, an up-and-coming specialist in whimsy, London's criminal element comprises a hard core of quaint talking characters with odd handles and hearts of gold. The hoods in **"The Neon Rainbow"** (Dutton, $3) quail at the sight of firearms, flinch when caught filching cookies from Auntie's pantry, and generally explain why London is such a safe metropolis.

Mr. Terrot's last book ("An Alligator Named Daisy") was a yeasty fable about reptile fanciers; this one is a more pedestrian venture, involving crime among the tropical fish set. A nasty band of spivs and yeggs, under the egis of the infamous Yacuh Bey, turns a pretty ha'penny by taking bets on the performance of Siamese fighting fish. "The flashfin mob," as they are called, might still be operating their fishy casino were it not for the enterprise of an ex-con named Jim Lennon, and a lady journalist yclept Auntie Joyce—who managed to crack the fish bookie racket wide open.

Along the way there's a spot of romance between Jim and a copper's daughter, a bit of larking between the copper himself and a French cabaret singer (with a heart of gold), and assorted hokum concerning Auntie Joyce's domestic and literary life—all of which is as pleasantly removed from reality as is Mr. Terrot's picture of the underworld. —MARTIN LEVIN.

**OVERFREIGHTED VOYAGE:** The strength of Robert Carse's novel **"Great Circle"** (Scribner's, $3.50) lies in its first half. In it a youthful captain named Jared Naish, who has built his career on merchantmen, takes out a whaler for a two- to three-year voyage. He knows nothing of whaling and is forced to rely in these matters upon his first mate, Eleazar Cupp. In the story of the inevitable contest for authority between these two men Mr. Carse is a skilful narrator, and his story is on a firm basis. On the one hand Cupp is disdainful of the young merchant sailor; on the other hand Naish is appalled at the raw brutality with which Cupp tries to beat into shape a crew of greenhorns but he still sees that his own interference results in a loss of lives when an insufficiently trained longboat crew encounters its first whale. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Carse has tried to get more than this readable yarn into a short novel, and the effort has cost him dearly. He has tacked a little love story onto his book, both fore and aft, and, somewhat arbitrarily, he has crowded a siege of scurvy and an idyllic visit to a Polynesian atoll into his tale. The result is a novel which contains some first-class writing about the sea and about the rigors and hazards of classical whaling, but which also is a disorganized story. —EDMUND FULLER.



Strawberry Hill, on which Walpole spent his passion for the age of romance.

**HANDSOME HOUSES:** Though specialists in the American Revolution may raise an eyebrow over the suggestion, it is entirely possible that we won our freedom from Great Britain for one reason: the splendor of English architecture in the eighteenth century. For it is hard to believe on glancing at Christopher Hussey's magnificently illustrated **"English Country Houses: Early Georgian 1715-1760"** (Essential Books, Fairlawn, N. J., $20) that the masters of these estates could worry about anything that happened on the other side of the Atlantic. In interiors as glorious as these who could worry about Saratoga or Yorktown?

Mr. Hussey, respected the world over for his insight into the taste of Britain in the eighteenth century, has taken the trouble to sketch the history, architectural and social, of a brace of country houses reaching from the age of Pope to that of Horace Walpole. Here is Moor Park, now a golf club, but on which one of the profiteers of the South Sea Bubble squandered 150,000 pounds. Here is Mereworth, a Palladian invention that Walpole found so perfect that "it has recovered me a little from the Gothic." And here is Strawberry Hill itself, now St. Mary's Catholic College, on which Walpole spent his passion for the age of romance. Incidentally, the lord of Strawberry Hall was not blind to the charms of other contemporary English houses built on romantic principles: *i.e.*, Viscount Cobham's Hagley Hall.

There is no need to point out that Mr. Hussey is as agreeable as he is learned. And there really is no need to praise the unfortunately unidentified photographers from *Country Life* who have provided the illustrations. Their unpretentious achievement comes as close to perfection in the field of architectural photography as may be expected in our lifetime. What is more, the plates of this British export have been reproduced with a devotion to detail that is bound to embarrass the publishers of architectural books in France, Germany, and the United States. The truth is that this is the most beautifully printed book on architecture that has been seen in America for a longer time than any architectural historian would care to remember. —WAYNE ANDREWS.

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# American Frontiers

*Continued from page 21*

ing A. Leonard, a reputable historian of colonial Spanish America.

The reader may feel confident that this edition, so far as it goes, is in accord with the views set down by Bernal Díaz del Castillo. But he should bear in mind that reminiscences of activities long past are never wholly reliable, especially in respect to statistics, place names, and the sequence of events. Other sources will have to be examined on some points, and a few of the latest works on the subject consulted in order to get the full story. It is too much to expect a simple soldier unacquainted with comparative religions and world history and unfamiliar with any literature save the romances of chivalry to grasp the whole significance of the acts and utterances which he describes and relates. Bernal Díaz knew almost nothing of the mysteries of the Nahua religion, of their concept of the nature of their gods, of their devotion to magic, of the dilemma that confronted Montezuma, of the global significance of the great drama which the Spaniards and the Portuguese had initiated, a drama which marked the beginning of four centuries of Europe's domination of the world. He understood only that the Spaniards were in search of riches and glory—for themselves, for the Roman Catholic Church, and for the Spanish King.

This does not mean that the volume is devoid of thrill and charm, or lacking in any of those qualities which characterize the magnificent classics of all time. It is a forthright history "as recalled by a foot soldier," to employ the words of Professor Leonard, by "a private who slogged through the mud, who endured hunger, thirst, and sleeplessness, the pain of wounds, the fear and frenzy of personal combat, the bone-weariness of campaigning in a strange and ominous land against a foe of tremendous numbers and sinister practices," by a writer animated by the laudable desire to set forth the faults and virtues of every participant. "If the narrative suffers from a colorful distortion at times, if an ostentatious vanity seems present on many pages, if the author appears too certain of the thoughts as well as the acts of historical figures," if he invents a few maxims and orations and attributes them to the leading actors, he can be forgiven because of the liveliness of his account and his patent effort to be scrupulously honest and fair.

"I have lost my sight and hearing," he wrote as he entered upon his eighty-fifth year, "and, as luck would have it, I have gained nothing of value to leave to my children and descendants but this true story, and they will presently find out what a wonderful story it is." It is indeed a wonderful story, an account of a significant episode in the "Pilgrimage of Western Man," and it has lifted its humble author, who died in poverty in 1584, to a high place among the immortals.

# Columbia Pioneers

**ASTOR'S MEN:** Cecil Pearl Dryden, author of **"By Sea on the *Tonquin*"** (Caxton, $4.50), knew a good thing when she saw it. Reading through the accounts written by Gabriel Franchère and Alexander Ross of their adventures on a voyage around the Horn in the early nineteenth century, part of John Jacob Astor's effort to set up a fur-trading enterprise on the Columbia River, she found that they contained all the elements necessary for a rattling good adventure story or a colorful fragment of American history. There was the *Tonquin*'s captain, Jonathan Thorn, whose autocratic nature kept him embroiled with Astor's deputies and ultimately led to the sinking of the ship. There were two teen-age boys along through whose eyes the expedition could be seen with the excitement and freshness of youth. There was a stop-over at Hawaii, where picturesque natives insisted on being traded with in quaint ways. On the Columbia River, where the party set up Fort Astoria, the neighboring Indians were sly and menacing, stubbornly fond of remaining mother naked and with tribal ways unusual enough to pique any reader's anthropological curiosity. From Canada and the north there was the constant threat of death from agents of the North West Company, resentful of competition in the area. Finally, after four years of conflict, danger, and privation, there was a happy ending with the arrival of a party that Astor had sent from St. Louis.

With such rich materials as these at her disposal it is a pity that Miss Dryden did not have the literary skill to do them justice. Sometimes her book reads like a story for bright boys; sometimes it reads like slightly fictionized history; always her style is so elephantine that what ought to be fascinating or exciting is merely dull.

—Raymond Walters, Jr.

# Religion

*Continued from page 18*

ing of such books as this one will help to make us more mental-health *wise*, and better able to help ourselves and others.

—Roscoe Thornton Faust.

**ONE CHURCH FOR CHRISTENDOM:** Nothing weighs so heavily on the conscience of Christians today as the realization that a divided church can speak with only scant authority to a divided world. The churches of Christendom therefore work and pray for reunion that they may be one in accordance with their Lord's will, but the Ecumenical movement, as it is called, is too often stalled by irreconcilable points of view as to the nature of the coming Great Church for which they all yearn. Dr. John Knox, Baldwin Professor of Sacred Literature at Union Theological Seminary in New York, has written **"The Early Church and the Coming Great Church"** (Abingdon Press, $2.50) to guide Christian thinking about reunion into channels which will be more productive and realistic. He would dispel the present-day illusion that the early Church was a model of unity and peace, as so many workers for unity nostalgically believe, expressing the wistful hope that it might be that way again in our day if only we could cancel out the divisive years of history.

Dr. Knox shows that, while it did indeed share a common life and a common faith, the Early Church also knew conflict and division. He also explores the early centuries of Christian history, and reminds us that such institutional forms as creed, canon (of the New Testament), and episcopacy were developed in the second century; indeed, these were the results of the earliest attempts to achieve the unity which Christians saw to be necessary and desirable then, and they belong as surely to any church union which is actually within the range of possible achievement as does the living spirit of the first century.

The coming Great Church, Dr. Knox says, "will not be a novel thing created by our enthusiasm any more than it will be the same old thing patched up by our industry and ingenuity. It will be a fresh work of the same Spirit who has been at work hitherto, and the new church will be the old fulfilled. . . ."

This provocative and thoughtful book contributes much to the great conversations that are now going on about the kind of church to come which shall be truly holy and one.

—R. T. F.

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## Tourist In Russia-V: The Communist Campus

OF THE 22,000 students enrolled in Moscow University those who study the humanities are still in the ancient downtown building, just across the street from the Kremlin. But those who take the sciences live, work, and learn in a broad-flanked new thirty-two-story skyscraper on the outskirts of the city which has twenty-two auditoriums, 1,700 laboratories (that's what the man said), 140 classrooms, and an elevator that zips up to the top with the floor-lights flashing on an overhead panel-board just like Radio City.

The enrollment of 22,000 includes those who travel out from the city to take extension courses and some 2,000 students enrolled in postgraduate studies. It also includes about 1,000 foreign students from China, Mongolia, Korea, Viet-Nam, India, Czechoslavakia, Hungary, France, Italy, Norway, Finland, and, for reasons that are not altogether clear to me, Iceland. The official guide who escorted me through the new marble halls assured me that there were representatives from the other People's Democracies as well, but none, as far as she knew, from the United States.

Foreigners and students from outside Moscow live right in the main building, which has 5,300 single rooms and 700 doubles. A single room I visited was equipped with, besides desk and bed, a table and chair, a radio loudspeaker connected to a master receiver, and a shower and washstand. Although each room was private there was a common vestibule leading to a toilet and bath provided for each two rooms. Each floor has three kitchens where students may do their own cooking, but there are, as well, two dining rooms. The service is arranged cafeteria style, each item, potato salad, bread and butter, a roll, milk, costs one ruble (25 cents), and you pay on the honor system on the way out.

A day room for students, or a club, as it is called in the English translation, has such new accoutrements as a television set and such old familiar trappings as a painting of Lenin shaking hands with Stalin before leaving Russia by boat for exile in Finland. Students dance under the glowering, marble gaze of Maxim Gorki.

The university library has an inventory of over 5,000,000 books. There are forty reading rooms, one for each faculty, but the whole library structure is arranged vertically with books of interest to different faculties on floors convenient to those centers of study. On the twenty-fourth floor, which has a surrounding terrace offering an unhindered view of the countryside and the downtown city, the library maintains a small museum. The day I visited there the feature was an exhibition of volumes of Nehru's speeches autographed during his Moscow visit in 1955.

While medallions of Marx and Engels and Stalin and Lenin face each other across the marble-pillared 1,500-seat main auditorium, suitable notice is paid to foreigners in the halls outside. Among those commemorated are Marie Curie, Archimedes, Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, Copernicus, Pasteur, and Darwin. Mixed in are Pavlov, the physiologist who won the Nobel prize in 1904; Gubkin, a geologist; and Gukovsky, who was identified to me as "the father of Russian aviation."

There is a balustrade enclosing the apron of land just in front of the new Moscow University buildings, and the terrain drops away sharply. Down in the valley workmen and technicians are hurrying to finish, as the winter's rigors will allow, a tremendous new sports city where Russia will hold its own Soviet-sphere Olympics this summer. Because of the new athletic center and Moscow University the famed subway is being extended out to this near-suburb.

THE Moscow Metro, a name adapted, it would seem, from the French underground, does make any

—*Sovfoto.*

**Moscow University—in the old building the humanities, in this new skyscraper 6,000 rooms, a vertical library, and all the sciences.**

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other subway systems I had seen outside the Soviet Union pale into steel gray drabness. But, although it served well as a glittering achievement of the *nouveau*-powerful Soviet system for many years, it is itself pallid indeed now to one who has ridden the new Metro in Leningrad [*SR* Feb. 11]. Three subway lines crisscross Moscow and a fourth circles the radial lines, crossing under the Moscow River six times. Passengers pay fifty kopeks, which is 12½ cents U.S., and at this flat rate can travel to any of the forty-five stations on the network.

The station at Revolution Square, built in 1937, is decorated with bronze statues of typical people of the revolutionary period—sailors, aviators, fishermen, riveters, engineers, farmers, and a girl revolutionary with a gun. Riding between Revolution Square and Kiev Station I found myself shoulder to shoulder with a Russian subway-riding general, immaculate in a high gray oval-shaped astrakhan hat, the long axis of it parallel to his shoulders, Napoleon style, and the crown covered with red and gold. He wore a gray great coat, and red and gold boards on his shoulders, and was, indeed, no less resplendent than the Kiev Station, where we both got off. Built under the railway line that leads to Kiev, the station is decorated with mosaics of Russian agriculture, labor, science, and athletics. At one end, Kiev being in the Ukraine, the walls are brightened with a mural showing the balalaika-gay national Ukrainian festival. Right at hand is a picture of Bogdan Khmelnitsky, a Ukrainian patriot who successfully repulsed the Poles and sought union with Russia.

Although the Tretyakoff Gallery holds a fine collection of Russian masters (though not as good a representation in my opinion as the Russian Museum in Leningrad), and the present connoisseurs of the Kremlin have permitted the display (in the Pushkin Museum) of the French Impressionists, once off the public-view list, no other salon in the world holds the kind of collection you will see in the Museum of the Revolution. I found it in an obscure building, once a British club, and I ambled among its curious exhibits, my interpreter at the elbow.

Arranged in a sort of chronological order, the Museum of the Revolution begins with a painting depicting that rueful day, Bloody Sunday, the 9th of January 1905, when the Tsar's troops fired on a group of Leningrad workers. The people hated the landowners, my interpreter explained, but they had faith in the Tsar until that fateful fusillade rang out. Folksongs keep the memory green, vivid paintings in the museum recreate it for the new generations, and only a few days before I had seen several pages of cartoons in *Krokodil*, the Soviet humor magazine, indicating that the famous events of Bloody Sunday had been given a new scenario. The version I had seen in oil at the Russian Museum in Leningrad showed a heroic priest leading the worker's march of protest against the Tsar's palace. My *Leningrad* interpreter had explained that the Tsar's troops fired even though the petitioners were led by a clergyman.

The priest was Father Georgi Appollonovich Gapon, both a man of God and a man of the revolution, who had been allowed by the Tsar's secret police to organize the labor unions and who had agreed to lead the striking employes in their palace protest. But *Krokodil* had made Gapon a ghoul, an evil, bony man with talons for fingernails and a pistol hanging by a lanyard around his neck. "He led the crowds of workers to their death," said *Krokodil*'s caption. "He praised the benevolence of the Tsar and used it as a trap. Making use of the church banner, he made God a police agent." My *Moscow* interpreter, obviously more *au courant*, explained that new evidence showed that Gapon had been in collusion with the Tsar and led the workers into a trap.

In the *Krokodil* gallery with Father Gapon was Pëtr Arkadevich Stolypin, minister of interior under Nicholas II, assassinated in 1911. Although Western encyclopedias call him a follower of liberal pacification, *Krokodil* says, "In his time he was stronger than God and more important than the Tsar. Now is known only because he had given his name to the gallows." In Stolypin's *Krokodil* portrait the noose hangs high.

Finally there was a cartoon of Nicholas II, the Tsar whose troops created Bloody Sunday, the Tsar of the revolution. Although Nicholas and his whole family were assassinated in July 1918, *Krokodil* was reminding the Russians in January 1956, "Ingloriously he ruled the state, oppressing the workers and the peasants, as a hangman-in-chief, as a bloodstained clown, as a crowned fool."

THE Museum of the Revolution was reminding its visitors, too, with exhibits of straitjackets, leg-irons, and whips used on the revolutionists of a Volga city. It reminded them of old patient, gentle V. I. Lenin with an etching showing him talking to a group of Bolsheviks in the shadow of the Bernese Alps after the First World War began. It scored the Mensheviks by depicting them as a parrot speaking out for the continuation of World War I while capitalist hands applauded in the background. There was an old red banner with the old Red exhortation, "Workers of the World, Unite." And there was a diorama showing the utter barrenness of the Siberian wasteland to which Stalin was exiled from 1914 to 1916, the same Siberia which Khrushchev is now promoting as arable.

My interpreter led me through fields of gifts to Stalin, among them Togliatti's silver-framed picture sent by his friends, the plastic-framed photos of leaders of the Spanish Communist Party dispatched from France. We came finally to a map. I asked its meaning, and my interpreter squinted through his glasses and said, "Ah, that is water for your mill. It is a map showing the strikes which were set off by the Russian revolution in Western Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East."

Night had fallen as we had traced the rise of Communism from a Bloody Sunday in January 1905 to a snowy Wednesday in January 1956. We walked back to the hotel in the whiteness and watched women workers chopping the ice from the sidewalk and shoveling the snow into marvelous machines that swooped it up and dumped it in trucks. I thought of an American businessman the other day observing such a scene, watch in hand, awed at Soviet efficiency when it wanted to be efficient. And I recalled thinking at the time that it certainly proved that Russia can do a better snow job than anyone else.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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# Britain's TV Troubles

*Continued from page 11*

of the magic box, that one is *au fait* with Dimbleby's latest pomposity, Harding's latest jibe, "Dragnet's" latest case-history, the ruling price in the "Double Your Money" market, and so on. . . .

"Five hundred quid for answering a few questions on gee-gees, I ask you!"

"Better than working for it, eh!"

"I'll say. Mind you, the chap certainly knows his nags."

"Oh, I dunno. They wouldn't dare. Seems on the level as far as. . . ."

"My missis wants me to have a dab. Geography. She says I'm always yapping about foreign parts, so I should know how to answer a few elementary questions."

"Yes, but how d'you get a chance of a go? It's a put-up job, I tell you."

"I know a bit about the desert, Mersa, Tobruk, and so on. But that's the lot."

"D'you think he'll have a bash at the thousand quid?"

"He's a mug if he does."

"I'd stick."

"Me too."

"What's on tonight?"

"'Sportscomment' . . . 'Dragnet' . . . not bad, is it?"

"Eight twenty-six a.m., August 13. Message received by homicide division. . . ."

"Hahaha! A riot, isn't it? Eh, Ken, lad, what's up with you? You're looking down in the mouth this morning!"

"So'd you if your perishin' cathode tube had blown in the middle of Diana Dors!"

"Oh, tough luck, Ken. Tough. . . ."

THE television public has grown steadily since 1946. It rocketed with the Olympic Games of 1948, again with the Coronation, and again with the advent of ITA. And television small-talk has proliferated like the telltale aerials. Our conversational preoccupation with the telly will surely die a natural death, but while it lasts it is the despair of all intellectuals. At the moment any visitor to Britain would be justified in regarding us as a nation of moronic escapists.

But the popular success of commercial television can be measured far more accurately than by the rough-and-ready computations of the eavesdropper. As in the United States, we have our polls of public opinion, our audience measurement people, and listener research groups, and according to the latest returns the ITA has already swept well ahead of the BBC in popularity. A detailed Tamratings (Television Audience Measurement, Ltd.) report shows that during peak hours commercial TV commands about twice as many followers as the BBC—that is to say, twice as many households with sets equipped to receive *both* stations (say 500,000) at present prefer the offerings of the ITA.

When the returns are broken down we find that "Inner Sanctum" is

# The Criminal Record

*The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

| Title and Author | Crime, Place, and Sleuth | Summing Up | Verdict |
|---|---|---|---|
| UNHAPPY HOOLIGAN<br>*Stuart Palmer*<br>(Harper: $2.75) | Retired So. Cal. lawyer, circus buff, dies in locked room; Howie Rook, ex-newsman, dons freak garb. | Clowns frolic, tigers roar, as aging amateur sleuth goes to work; unusual setting (*à la* Toby Tyler). | Entertaining. |
| DEAD STORAGE<br>*George Bagby*<br>(Crime Club: $2.75) | Unshod Insp. Schmidt, NY homicide ace, cleans up one-two-three job in Greenwich Village. | Detection all the way in this thoroughly professional job; cast nicely restricted. | Best Schmitty yarn yet. |
| BLOOD ON MY RUG<br>*E. Louise Cushing*<br>(Arcadia: $2.50) | Montreal lady bookseller finds corpse in shop; second turns up; Insp. MacKay right on ball. | Several loose ends, but pace is lively, cast mainly credible, especially principals. | Plus mark. |
| THE STRANGE BEDFELLOW<br>*Evelyn Berckman*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.95) | Yank lady librarian, on exchange job in London, trails prime ruby in Germany; has herself quite a time. | Neatly written, with capable research, good pace, but overdrawn villain mars verisimilitude. | Nice, save as noted. |
| THE SECOND CURTAIN<br>*Roy Fuller*<br>(Macmillan: $2.75) | Bearded British novelist looks into friend's disappearance; two perish; Scotland Yard interested. | Overdue library book hot clue in tense case involving *recherché* London Literary set. | High I.Q. specialty. |

—SERGEANT CUFF.


# No. 35
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| Genevieve G. Plant | Margaret R. Williamson |
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watched by 70 per cent of viewers: the BBC's hitherto madly popular "More Contrary," a lush nightmare of sentimentality and pansified decor, only 25 per cent. "Dragnet" claims 60 per cent of viewers against the 30 per cent remaining faithful to Wilfred Pickles (No. 1 on the hit parade of British TV personalities). "Double Your Money" just beats the BBC's "The Grove Family," our only domestic soap opera. "Gun Law" bags 75 per cent: the BBC "News" 15 per cent. And so on.

The only period during this particular week's entertainment when the BBC was noticeably more favored than the ITA was during the former's "The Burns and Allen Show." It was in competition with a stuffy variety show called "Here and Now," and the viewer ratings were Burns and Allen 35 per cent, "Here and Now" 25 per cent.

All this suggests that the British public is enjoying the luxury of competing services, amused by the novelty of the newcomer, and determined to get its money's worth. It costs something like £10 to convert or adapt an old set to receive the two channels, and it is natural enough that father should be anxious to secure some return on his outlay.

SO FAR I have said nothing about "commercials," the advertising spots with which the ITA programs are punctuated at fifteen-minute intervals. There is no need to describe the commercials to American readers. British TV advertising took the American screen as its pattern, muted the harsher tones to avoid offending supposedly more sensitive British eyes and ears, and hoped for the best.

There are jingles galore, puppets in plenty, gimmicks and cartoons in profusion. A number of popular figures in the entertainment world appear as sponsors of the advertised products and somehow contrive to look rather shamefaced about it. The most lauded spots have been those for a sweetmeat, "Murraymints," and for Shell gas. The first is gay, contains the elements of cartoon humor and a captivating jingle; the second—and this may be significant—features the well-known poet John Betjeman in a series of domestic travelogues.

The charges made to advertisers for time on the ITA service vary from about £300 to £1,000 a minute, and Associated-Rediffusion, which operates the London programs from Monday to Friday, has an income of some £15,000 a day. And since the company is on the air for seven hours a day at an overall cost of about £2,700 an hour, there is a daily loss of approximately £4,500. This result is much more satisfactory than most people had thought possible in the early stages of the service's development, and there is every likelihood that with the opening of new stations in the Midlands and North, and the reduction of costs through syndication, there will be some considerable improvement in the financial position of the program contractors.

On the other hand, it has yet to be proved that television advertising in Britain will pay its way. Available advertising time is by no means fully booked. The morning programs proved a dismal failure, with commercial spots few and far between, and have now been abandoned: and there is still plenty of bookable time in the evenings. At first advertisers rushed to support the commercial service, partly as an "act of faith," chiefly because they had no wish to be left out in the cold in the event of an immediate sell-out of advertising space. But now they are having second thoughts, balancing their expenditure on TV advertising with that on press ads, posters, and Radio Luxembourg (sound radio advertising in Britain has to be beamed from a foreign country), and wondering whether goodwill acquired at £1,000 a go is worth the money.

The answer rests of course with the viewing public. So far no spectacular successes—in terms of sales—have been reported for TV advertising; but they can hardly be expected until the ITA's coverage has been broadened. My own view is that commercial TV *will* eventually pay its way, and that the ads will in general prove a good investment.

One thing, I think, is certain: the ITA will in time prove more popular than the BBC. This is a worrying thought, for no one can doubt that the battle will be won by catering for the lowest common cerebral denominator. In every other field of entertainment the laurels go to the purveyors of mush, "pops," corn, drooling sentiment, exhibitionism, and scandal. Our most popular Sunday newspapers deal almost exclusively in cheap sensation and half-veiled pornography (one of them has a net sale of more than 8,000,000, the largest in the world); our best-selling books are nearly all concerned with crime and lechery; and our theatres and cinemas exhibit a dozen items of trash for every play or film that dabbles in art, ideas, and uplift.

THIS is not to say that we lack exponents of good journalism, literature, art, drama, or music. We have them, many of them, but their works seldom reach the masses, and this great gulf fixed between an intellectual, esthetic minority and a rubbish-fed majority worries everyone who nurses democratic ideals and believes—if it does not sound too pompous—in the essential brotherhood of man.

—*Wide World.*

Mr. Chips, Britain's Mr. J. Fred Muggs.

Hitherto the BBC has been the sole guardian of good taste in the sphere of *popular* entertainment. It has many faults, often sets its sights too high, sometimes slips into the underworld of drains and sewers; but on the whole it has done a splendid job for British culture. And now its role is challenged and its influence endangered.

Indeed, the BBC's own standards may be in jeopardy. In sound radio with its three programs, Home, Light and Third, it has to some extent departmentalized British listeners. The Home caters for the middlebrow, the Light for lowbrows, and the Third for highbrows. But even the Light program—to which most families keep their sets permanently tuned—contains a fair quota of intelligent material, news and comment, brain-trusts, good light music, some serious music, and, occasionally, well-written plays. BBC television has only one channel and tries to satisfy brows of every height in its twenty-odd hours of evening transmission per week. In its early days (the service, the first in the world, began in 1936) the programs were ambitious, experimental, and full of ideas, but as the network of stations has grown pressure of public opinion has forced the BBC to broaden its appeal. And this it has done by leavening its daily output with increasing quantities of variety, parlor games, soap opera, and sport. And now, faced by competition from the ITA, it is aerating the mixture with more imports, more slapstick and charades.

BBC television is still incomparably more useful and rewarding than tha

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of ITA, but it too may degenerate into nothing more than an eyeful for tired businessmen. Not long ago the Corporation telecast a fine studio performance of "Othello." It was watched by 5 per cent of Tamrating's "peak period potential audience" of 1,288,000 in the London area—that is, by only 64,000 people with sets equipped to receive both the BBC and the commercial services. On the same evening about 750,000 viewers goggled at Godfrey Winn in a treacly "agony column" show, at fifth-rate variety, and tenth-rate melodrama. And although its policy-makers protest that they will tolerate no falling-off in BBC standards, and will not stoop to conquer in channel warfare, everyone knows that the old lady of Portland Place will need more than an audience of 5 per cent to justify her lavish dispensation of public funds.

As a critic and television fan I am alarmed by the present trend and view the future without much hope.

Meanwhile the aerials are going up in their thousands, and new television stations sprout from moor and wold and pasture like beanstalks. The country is "telly" crazy and people in the Midlands, Wales, the North, and Scotland wait impatiently for their first encounter with Channel 9 and its commercials. Sound radio is moribund, the movies are half empty, and the pubs are busy only at closing-time. Even the newspapers are feeling the pinch of competition, particularly the London "evenings."

The children return more willingly than ever from school and sit spell-bound before the bright frame of illusion. And a wonderful silence replaces the yelling turbulence of the living room. So insistent is the appeal of television to the child mind that both the BBC and the ITA have agreed to break their programs between six and seven o'clock every evening. The hour of freedom from TV helps mother to get her youngest off to bed and allows junior students to tackle their homework without distraction.

We do not yet know whether television is on balance good or bad for the rising generation. Many adults maintain that we are in danger of producing a race of standardized, spoon-fed illiterates; others, including Margaret Popham, ex-headmistress of one of our finest schools for girls, Cheltenham Ladies' College, believe that TV is wholesome, educational, and vastly stimulating. Our researchers are researching like mad to find the facts and figures for a definitive evaluation, but nothing they can find, say, or do will halt the march of the keyhole wonder, the machine-age Cyclops with its Circe grin.

*Newspaper Editors:*

# DATELINES MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Here are a few datelines from around the globe that represent part of a year's work by SR Travel Editor Horace Sutton on the far-flung travel front during 1955:

**January. MIAMI BEACH:** We have been down to the white sands of Miami Beach to attend the opening of the Fontainebleau, a $14,000,000 hotel that seems destined to start a rash of parley-vous where even Berlitz wouldn't expect it . . . it was one of the few places in town where the guests and the walls were getting plastered at the same time . . .

**May. YUGOSLAVIA:** . . . Here you can watch the capitalistic yachts bob in the social democratic waters, dance away the communally-owned night, drink the slivovitz distilled by communal effort from communally-grown plums. Should you have a hang-over next morning, however, it's all yours.

**July. ISTANBUL:** Anybody having trouble talking turkey here in Turkey will get immense help from a screwdriver. A screwdriver, hereabouts, is a mixture of vodka and orange juice which everyone drinks because a *viski soda costs* $2.86. To say it the local way you call for a *skrudravr,* which is more or less how you pronounce it after you've had one.

**August. BUENOS AIRES:** From all indications it is the late afternoon of John Sunday. For the restless legions of American travelers who will one day discover the Argentine, the dawn is barely breaking through the dark night of unknown. When the sun is up it ought to be a great come-and-get-it day.

**October. IN THE SWISS ALPS:** With the colder weather upon us the Swiss have taken to riding their bikes with hands stuffed in hip pockets. This habit has proven a considerable loss to Swiss glovemakers and I suspect in bike riders as well.

**November. SAN JUAN, P.R.:** Continentals are immediately washed in rum then blessed with health, money and love—and the time to enjoy them. Puerto Rico supplies the health, you supply the money. Love lurks under every moon-washed palm, it says here in the folder . . .

**DATELINES MAKE THE DIFFERENCE** Vivid writing and informed reporting like these dateline excerpts can brighten the travel pages of newspapers throughout the country and heighten their reader interest for travel-minded citizens. **SUBSCRIBE TO HORACE SUTTON'S SYNDICATED TRAVEL COLUMN FOR NEWSPAPERS** The rates are reasonable. The results in happy readers fabulous. For details on this exclusive weekly feature, complete with pictures: Write, telegraph or telephone

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# "Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. Emerson"

*Continued from page 10*

can correspondent for more information. Emerson replied from time to time, confessing in November 1837, "I find myself so much more and freer on the platform of the lecture-hall than in the pulpit that I shall not much more use the last. . . . But I preach in the Lecture-Room, and then it tells, for there is no prescription. You may laugh, weep, reason, sing, sneer, or pray, according to your genius." In May of the next year he could boast that his winter's lectures had brought him $800. Six years later (1854) he was writing of a trip to Milwaukee: "I went out west to great countries which I had not visited before; rode one day—fault of broken railroads—in a sleigh, 65 miles through the snow (seeing how prairies and oak-opening look in winter) by Lake Michigan, to reach Milwaukee."

Carlyle never came to America to lecture!

That Emerson took the profession of public lecturing seriously there is ample evidence in the journal and in his letters. In October 1839, confronted with the task of preparing his sixth annual course of Boston lectures, he wonders in his journal: "What shall be the substance of my shrift? Adam in the garden, I am to new-name all the beasts in the field and all the gods in the sky. I am to invite men drenched in time to recover themselves and come out of time, and taste their native immortal air . . . I am to try the magic of sincerity, that luxury permitted only to kings and poets . . . I am to console the brave sufferers under evils whose end they cannot see by appeals to the great optimism self-affirmed in all bosoms." His series that year was on "The Present Age" and consisted of ten lectures: 1. Introductory; 2 and 3. Literature; 4. Politics; 5. Private Life; 6. Reforms; 7. Religion; 8. Ethics; 9. Education; 10. Tendencies.

THIS, you will agree, is strong lecture meat, not to be found on any cultural menu in our own audio-visual age. The year before it was much the same. That year it had been ten on the general subject of "Human Life." The lectures were: 1. Doctrine of the Soul; 2. Home; 3. School; 4. Love; 5. Genius; 6. The Protest; 7. Tragedy; 8. Comedy; 9. Duty; 10. Demonology. Formidable! Yet Bronson Alcott, who heard two of the series, testified in a letter after hearing Lecture No. 6, "Emerson has triumphed . . . the large hall in the

Temple [Boston's largest lecture auditorium, the Masonic Temple] was filled!" And after hearing the tenth he wrote, "The audience was larger than any former evening."

Much the same success was his in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Out West he was also in great demand, but mostly for single lectures. Although the old complaint of obscurity was sometimes made (in England a Miss Henwell had asked Carlyle whether he thought they would understand better if they stood on their heads), Emerson was "asked back" by many local committees—the test then as now of a lecturer's enduring popularity. In 1880 he read his 100th lecture to his townsfolk in the Concord Lyceum—surely a remarkable reversal of the old adage of the prophet in his own country! At the outset of his career he had pledged his journal: "Henceforth I design not to utter any speech, poem, or book that is not entirely and peculiarly my work. I will say at public lectures, and the like, only those things which I have meditated for their own sake and not for the first time with a view to that occasion." And again, in 1845 when he was at the height of his fame as a lecturer: "Lectures are a few reasonable words to keep us in mind of truth amidst our nonsense."

To be sure, Emerson, like any other man, had his "down days," his moods of disillusionment. In a spirit of momentary despair and disgust with the whole lecture system he wrote: "Are not lectures a kind of Peter Parley's story of Uncle Plato, and a puppet show of Eleusinian Mysteries? You write a discourse, and for the next weeks and months you are carted about the country at the tail of that discourse simply to read it over and over." And he was frequently plagued with the fatigue of travel. In January 1853 he wrote his wife from mid-Illinois: "A cold, raw country this, and plenty of night-traveling and arriving at four in the morning to take the last and worst bed in the tavern. . . . Mercury 15 degrees below zero." "I am a bad traveler," he wrote home from Philadelphia, "and the hotels are mortifications to all sense of well-being in me. The people who fill them oppress me with their excessive virility."

But he accepted the discomforts and dangers of travel, recognizing that his way of life had its compensations. He once wrote a friend: "Whenever I get into debt, which usually happens once a year, I must make the plunge into this great odious river of travelers, into these wild eddies of hotels and boarding-houses—farther, into these dangerous precincts of charlatanism, namely lectures, that out of all the evil I may draw a little good, in the correction which every journey makes to my exaggeration, in the plain facts which I get, and in the rich amends I draw for many listless days in the dear society of here and there a wise and great heart. . . . I hate the details," he concludes, "but the whole foray into a city teaches me much." During the winter of 1843 he was on the road all the time, and in mid-January wrote his wife: "It looks as if it would be a long time before I get home, and I am getting tired of my picnic. I learn something all the time, but I write nothing, and, as usual, vow each week that I shall not play Signor Blitz again."

But he was destined to "play Signor Blitz"—or the role of "a spouting Yankee," as he called himself in a letter to Carlyle—from 1840 to 1880, traveling thousands of miles every season in all weathers and by all manner of conveyances, delivering hundreds of lectures before all manner of audiences—from the elite of Boston and New York to the unlettered farmers of Michigan and Wisconsin. Minnesota and Kansas. Professor

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1145)

S. H. ADAMS:
*GRANDFATHER STORIES*

(From the diary of a canal captain's wife, *circa* 1850)

I hear what goes on. The mistress of the counterstern *Fair Play* has a new sealskin overall, reputed to have cost forty dollars. How she will prank it over us other canal wives, who must content ourselves with the lowly mink or the humble beaver!

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Rusk, in his definitive biography of Emerson, gives a tentative schedule for only two weeks in the early winter of 1855. It included visits to nine towns in New York State and one in Canada. "This meant twelve lectures, and every one required a tiresome journey." In 1867, when he was sixty-four, he lectured in nine states, starting his tour in January and ending it in the middle of March.

For the most part his lectures were generally on cultural themes, and we today know them in their final literary form as essays: "Self-Reliance," "Compensation," "Representative Men," "The Conduct of Life," "The Sovereignty of Ethics," "American Civilization," and all the others. But Emerson, true liberal that he was, could and did speak out strongly and even fervently on public issues which touched him—on slavery, on emancipation, on John Brown, on the annexation of Texas, on the injustice done to Cherokee Indians, on England's attitude during the war. In his second Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, made thirty years after his more famous one that has come to be known as "The American Scholar," he upheld the cause of women's right to the ballot and pointed to "the search for just rules affecting labor" as another evidence of progress. As always, he made much of science as a force of progress. (You will find this as "The Progress of Culture" in "Letters and Social Aims.") In his journal for 1871 he observed: "In my life-time have been wrought five miracles—1. the steamboat; 2. the railroad; 3. the electric telegraph; 4. the application of the spectroscope to astronomy; 5. the photograph—five miracles which have altered the relations of nations to each other. Add cheap postage; and the mowing machine and the horse-rake."

That hardly sounds like a deposition by "the Celebrated Metaphysician," as Emerson was once billed in Davenport, Iowa. That sounds more like something taken from a pep talk at a convention of the National Sales Executives Clubs. And therein lies an explanation of a large part of Emerson's continued success: he could do a splendid ballyhoo for material progress and yet appeal to "the great optimism self-affirmed in all bosoms." For nearly a half-century he stood before all America and freely spoke his mind in a one-man crusade against hypocrisy, mediocrity, and for truth and personal integrity and freedom and justice. "I am here," he pledged his journal in 1854, "to represent humanity; it is by no means necessary that I should live, but it is by all means necessary that I should act rightly."


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*(Continued on page 42)*

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1146

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Cut down by means of (2 wds.). | 46 126 109 133 68 172 1 14 |
| B. Describing the usual intercollegiate racing shell (comp.). | 53 95 130 171 36 121 11 92 |
| C. Member of a pressure group acting in the halls of legislative buildings. | 94 199 146 55 145 85 163 89 |
| D. A stench. | 66 131 63 139 114 124 80 40 |
| E. Veil by concealment, obscurity, or disguise. | 188 104 93 84 4 167 111 175 |
| F. The "Scotch" individual who balanced Lord Byron's "English bard" (poem, 1809). | 45 56 27 180 5 83 162 132 |
| G. After "at," state of disagreement (2 wds.). | 149 98 191 197 170 33 136 100 |
| H. Belonging to the family of eared seals, sea lions, etc. | 202 198 73 144 64 156 123 |
| I. Inside information (slang; comp.). | 185 61 203 31 119 99 49 |
| J. Family name, English earls and dukes of Ellesmere, Bridgewater (from 16th cent.). | 15 194 177 112 60 108 59 |
| K. The famous swift but ugly mare of Hereward the Wake. | 110 6 190 159 25 103 117 |
| L. U.S. slang for seeing through somebody's pretenses (2 wds.). | 143 107 164 75 37 71 179 |
| M. Colloquial standard for comparison of brightness (2 wds.). | 168 87 72 10 155 34 97 |
| N. Musical play, Rodgers and Hart, 1940, on book by John O'Hara. | 195 47 86 127 22 69 52 |
| O. Suspend deliberations. | 24 102 153 81 128 182 21 |
| P. Grow less flexible, or more difficult. | 62 51 17 138 189 157 82 |
| Q. Old part of London north of the Thames, comprising commercial center of Greater London (2 wds.). | 186 165 91 173 78 23 67 |
| R. Deliberately withhold oneself from action. | 38 70 20 142 29 192 16 |
| S. Unsuccessful "ideal community" founded 1825 SW Tenn., for education of slaves, by Frances Wright. | 201 19 8 187 101 76 9 |
| T. Off the direct course. | 48 3 79 140 105 58 74 |
| U. Ancient Egyptian sovereigns. | 41 125 196 150 184 154 2 141 |
| V. What "Hamlet" says we do to "our ends" before divinity steps in to take charge. | 200 50 135 57 90 174 116 18 |
| W. Strive. | 183 193 43 35 134 115 88 120 |
| X. Unusual word for whistling. | 181 26 161 148 77 42 65 169 |
| Y. The advantage (with relation to someone else; 2 wds.). | 44 158 129 151 137 96 28 166 |
| Z. Birth. | 30 178 106 160 113 152 39 12 |
| Z¹. Frustrated. | 32 118 13 7 176 54 147 122 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 A | 2 U | 3 T | 4 E | 5 F | ■ | 6 K | 7 Z¹ | 8 S | ■ | 9 S | ■ | 10 M | 11 B | 12 Z | ■ | 13 Z¹ | | | |
| 14 A | 15 J | 16 R | ■ | 17 P | ■ | 18 V | 19 S | 20 R | ■ | 21 O | 22 N | 23 Q | ■ | 24 O | 25 K | 26 X | | | |
| 27 F | 28 Y | ■ | 29 R | 30 Z | 31 I | ■ | 32 Z¹ | 33 G | 34 M | 35 W | ■ | 36 B | 37 L | 38 R | 39 Z | ■ | | | |
| 40 D | 41 U | 42 X | 43 W | 44 Y | 45 F | ■ | 46 A | 47 N | 48 T | ■ | 49 I | 50 V | 51 P | ■ | 52 N | 53 B | | | |
| 54 Z¹ | ■ | 55 C | 56 F | 57 V | 58 T | 59 J | ■ | 60 J | 61 I | ■ | 62 P | 63 D | 64 H | 65 X | ■ | 66 D | | | |
| 67 Q | ■ | 68 A | 69 N | 70 R | ■ | 71 L | ■ | 72 M | 73 H | 74 T | ■ | 75 L | 76 S | 77 X | 78 Q | 79 T | | | |
| 80 D | 81 O | 82 P | ■ | 83 F | 84 E | 85 C | 86 N | 87 M | ■ | 88 W | 89 C | 90 V | 91 Q | 92 B | 93 E | ■ | | | |
| 94 C | 95 B | 96 Y | 97 M | 98 G | ■ | 99 I | 100 G | 101 S | ■ | 102 O | 103 K | ■ | 104 E | 105 T | 106 Z | ■ | | | |
| 107 L | 108 J | 109 A | ■ | 110 K | 111 E | 112 J | 113 Z | 114 D | 115 W | 116 V | ■ | 117 K | 118 Z¹ | 119 I | ■ | 120 W | | | |
| 121 B | 122 Z¹ | 123 H | ■ | 124 D | 125 U | 126 A | ■ | 127 N | 128 O | 129 Y | 130 B | 131 D | 132 F | 133 A | 134 W | 135 V | | | |
| 136 G | ■ | 137 Y | 138 P | ■ | 139 D | 140 T | 141 U | 142 R | 143 L | 144 H | 145 C | ■ | 146 C | 147 Z¹ | 148 X | 149 G | | | |
| 150 U | 151 Y | ■ | 152 Z | ■ | 153 O | 154 U | 155 M | 156 H | 157 P | 158 Y | ■ | 159 K | 160 Z | 161 X | 162 F | 163 C | | | |
| ■ | 164 L | 165 Q | 166 Y | 167 E | 168 M | 169 X | ■ | 170 G | 171 B | 172 A | 173 Q | 174 V | ■ | 175 E | 176 Z¹ | 177 J | | | |
| 178 Z | 179 L | ■ | 180 F | 181 X | ■ | 182 O | 183 W | 184 U | 185 I | ■ | 186 Q | 187 S | 188 E | ■ | 189 P | 190 K | | | |
| 191 G | 192 R | 193 W | 194 J | ■ | 195 N | 196 U | 197 G | 198 H | ■ | 199 O | 200 V | ■ | 201 S | 202 H | 203 I | ■ | | | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.**



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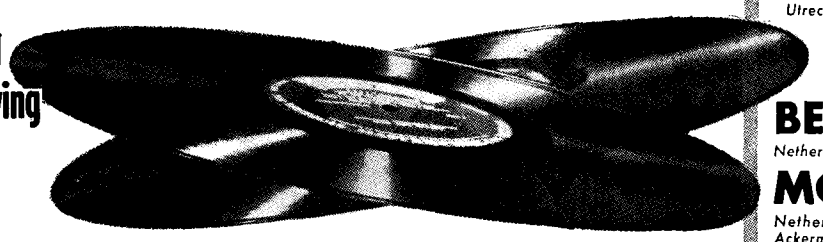


**BEETHOVEN** Piano Sonata No 24 in F Sharp, Op. 78
*Grant Johannesen, Pianist*

**BACH** Toccata and Fugue in D minor
*Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City*

**DUKAS** Sorcerer's Apprentice
*Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, cond.*

**CHOPIN** Fantaisie-Impromptu
*R. Goldsand, Pianist*

**BERLIOZ** Roman Carnival
*Netherlands Philharmonic, Walter Goehr, cond.*

**MOZART** Symphony No 26 in E Flat
*Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting*

**BRAHMS** Academic Festival Overture
*Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, conducting*

**WAGNER** Meistersinger Prelude, Act 1,
*Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting*

**VIVALDI** Concerto in C for Two Trumpets
*H. Sevenstern and F. Hausdoerfer, Trumpeters, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting*

**MUSSORGSKY**
**Night on Bald Mountain,** *Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Goehr, cond.*

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